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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Classification and Description of the Wines of Bordeaux, &c.* By M. Pagnier. 12mo. pp. 164. Edinburgh, 1828. Blackwood.  
*The Anatomy of Drunkenness.* By Robert Maenish. 12mo. pp. 202. Glasgow, W. R. M'Phun.

SCOTLAND is certainly the place where the most interesting philosophical inquiries are carried on in our times, and whence the most valuable literary productions are issued to an admiring world. These two small, but vastly important, volumes are evidence of the facts. In the first, an "Ancien Courtier de Vin" (which may be interpreted, a stanch old lover of wine), spreads out before his readers the whole extent of that Eden where the vine is cultivated on the banks of the Gironde, whose liquid treasures cheer the heart of man in so many far distant lands. In the last, a Glasgow physician (and no town in his majesty's dominions ought to furnish better judges on questions of drinking) has had the kindness to enlarge upon the excellent effects of tipping, not, however, without (as doctors must always be cautious) throwing in a few dampers respecting the possible bad consequences of indulging too often in very prodigious excesses. Having carefully perused both volumes, and confirmed their truth by the necessary computations, our known philanthropy induces us to bring their merits into wider notice; and we trust the result will be, that no reader of sense will rise from our Review with the *hideous* of a Cockney friend of ours, who declares that he disapproves of drinking, because it is of an eating quality;—at any rate, that *vine* always eats him.

First, then, with regard (and a very sincere regard, too) to the wines of Bordeaux,—a very different article from any thing of the Bord-de-l'eau kind,—they consist of the following captivating varieties:—

"For red wines of the first class: *Le Carmenet, le Carménère, le Malbeck, le Petit Verdot, le Gros Verdot, le Merlot, et le Mouton.*—For red wines of the second class, and common wines: *Le Mançin, le Teinturier, le Balouzat, la Pelouille, le Cloutat, la Petite Chaloise noire, le Cruchinet rouge, et le pied de Perdrix.*—The species for choice white wines are named: *Le Sauvignon, la Malvoisie, la Prunilla, le Semillon, le Blanc Verdot, le Muscadet doux ou résinotte, la Chaloise dorée, le Cruchinet blanc, and the white Muscat.*—The common white sorts are: *La Blanquette, l'Enragé ou pique poux, le Blaguis, et la grosse Chaloise blanche, with the Verdot gris.*" (Not verdigris, be it remembered.)

Of the manufacture, we have only to notice, that "to make the white wine, it is not, like the red, put into the vat to ferment, but the grapes are trod; and when taken from the press, the juice, skins, and seeds, are put into casks (the stalks having been separated): here it ferments and becomes wine of itself. When the

fermentation in the barrels has entirely ceased, it is racked off, and care is taken to fill up what has been consumed; by evaporation, as often as possible, and this operation ought to take place at least once or twice a-week. When you wish to make *Muscat* wine, the grapes (as with the other white wines) are left till quite ripe, and the stalks of the bunches are twisted on the vines, so as not to convey any more nourishment from the root, in order that they may become a little withered and dried in the sun; these grapes are afterwards gathered, pressed, and the *must* is left to ferment; but as this juice is glutinous and syrupy, the sun having deprived it of a great part of its water, this operation takes place imperfectly. The *Muscat* wine can be made only in warm countries, as in Languedoc and Provence, where the sun has great force. The best wines are from Frontignan and Lunel: to be good they ought to be rather pale white, glutinous, of a musky odour, having a sweet and strong taste. The Spanish wines, as well as all those used as liqueurs, are made in a manner similar to that of the *Muscat*."

In managing and preserving these wines, we learn, "whenever a cask of wine is drawn off, it is necessary to rinse it, and to burn in the cask a match of sulphurated linen, suspended by a little hook to hold it in the barrel. This precaution of burning the match is necessary to preserve the wine from all fermentation, which might be occasioned by the great heats, as also sometimes by the too great colds. The size of the match must be in proportion to the force of the wine, to its delicacy, or age: the older it is, the less sulphur is necessary. The white wines require most sulphur, because they are the most apt to ferment or fret."

The wine is racked off four times in eighteen months after being made; the fourth racking is in March: "it is then that the casks may be stowed with the bung at the side, after the cooper has fixed four hoops of iron at least on each—namely, two at each end; and the wooden hoops must also be new. The casks having once the bung in the side, have no longer need to be filled up; and are only visited once in six months, in March and October, in order to be racked, as mentioned above. It is to be observed, that when the wine has attained the age of five or six years, it does not want drawing off oftener than once a-year, which in this case is done in the month of March, the moment when the wines are always finer and clearer than at any other season of the year."

Touching the consumption of these wines generally, it is stated: "Each country has its customs. In France, as in Holland, every one wishes for natural wines; and it is for that reason that Holland imports her wines from France upon the lees, in order to manage and take care of them after the manner of the country. In the north, especially in Russia and Prussia, experience has taught men to prefer importing wines from France at two or three years old, because they are already freed

from the greater part of their dregs and tartar. In England, every one being long accustomed to drink strong Port wines, Madeira, and heady Spanish wines, the pure wines, such as we gather them, are not so much esteemed; because they are found, in comparison with the others, not sufficiently strong tasted, and too cold. Our natural wines, however, are infinitely preferable for the health, to the spiritous, heady Spanish wines; the Bordeaux wines, especially, are highly recommended by the faculty for the sick, and those menaced by consumption, or suffering from inflammation in the chest. But in order to give the Bordeaux wines some resemblance to those wines of Spain and Portugal which are used in England—to render them of the taste preferred in that kingdom, from the effect of long habit—the greatest part of our wine-merchants who trade with England are obliged to *work them*, that is to say, to mix them with other wines by means of a particular operation. This is the reason why, in general, the wines shipped for England are not pure, and can no longer be known to be the same, when compared with those which remain at Bordeaux, such as they are produced in the department of the Gironde. The operation consists in mixing a certain quantity of Hermitage, and other kinds of fine strong wines of the south, which give fire to the Claret, but which render it dry when old, turn it of a brick red colour, and cause a deposit of sediment when it has been some time in bottle. When by the effect of mixing several sorts of wines, a working or fretting results which might injure the quality, they take some mineral crystal, reduce it to powder, and put an ounce into each barrel, beat up with a proper quantity of isinglass, and rack off the wine about fifteen days after, when it has got clear, and has entirely ceased to work. To give odour (*bouquet*) to the wine, they take two drams oforris-root (*racine d'iris*) in powder put into a fine rag, and let it hang about fifteen days in the cask; after which it is taken out, because the wine has then acquired sufficient odour; you may also, if desired, put the powder into the barrel, beat up with fining, and fifteen days after, it may be racked off. Many persons, to make the wine appear older and higher flavoured, and at the same time to prevent the injuring its quality, employ raspberry brandy (*esprit framboisé*): in this case the dose is two ounces for each cask; this spirit is well mixed with the wine, and fifteen or twenty days after, the wine has acquired a certain degree of apparent maturity, which is increased by a kind of odour which this mixture gives it. The bouquet which by these means is given to the common or ordinary wines never replaces perfectly the natural flavour which distinguishes our choice wines of Medoc and Grave, which ought to embalm the palate. It is very easy to distinguish the fictitious bouquet which has been given to the wine, if you have ever so little habit of tasting; for the smell of the *iris*, as well as the raspberry, always predominates in the wines which have been worked, and

forms a striking contrast with the natural flavour of the same wines.

"The best growths of Bordeaux are those of Lafitte, Latour, Chateau Margaux, Haut Brion, and Mouton." About 200,000 tons are produced in ordinary years, at the expense of nearly two millions sterling.\*

"The vineyards in this department which produce the first growths are situated on the border of the Landes (the sandy districts), and once formed part of them. Other wines are gathered from the high grounds, between the two rivers (*l'entre deux mers*), and in the alluvial flats which border the Garonne and Dordogne. The district of Medoc furnishes the first growths in its upper (or southern) division. These wines possess, in an eminent degree, a union of the best qualities of those of other countries, viz. colour, perfume, taste, and salubrity; hence the true connoisseur esteems them highly. They are named Chateau Margaux, Latour, and Lafitte, and are all three equal in reputation and in commercial value. There are many other excellent growths, which are classed as first, second, third, and fourth class; each of these classes has (like the first) its most distinguished growths."

We will not go into the distinctions of Palus or flat-country wine, Queyries that produced on alluvial grounds, Côte from hill slopes, and Grave from gravelly or sandy soil: the two former are chiefly exported to the Indies and the north of Holland; and sometimes, like such strong coarse brandied wines as those of Cahors, serve to give colour, &c. even to the finest sorts of Medoc! Much of the worst of Cahors, mixed with white, and also the lowest of St. Macaire (Bordeaux), are consumed in Paris and Bretagne—and Russia and Prussia are large purchasers of them. When half and half brandy they are called *raugonne*. It is curious to remark, from the returns in 1823, that, "owing to our high rate of duties, England, the richest country in Europe, uses less French wine than even the poorest nation, if we except Sweden. Hamburg alone takes above eight times as much as the British Isles." But what signifies that, according to the present extensive practice in London among the rascals who sell cheap compositions under the names of foreign wines. If only one tun, instead of about a thousand tuns, were to be

\* "The first growths of Burgundy are La Romanée-Conti, Le Chambertin, Le Richebourg, Le Clos Vougeot, La Romanée de St. Vivant, Le Clos St. Georges, Département de la Côte d'Or. After these the following are quoted, as being superior to the second class wines: Le Clos de Premeau, Le Musigny, Le Tart, Les hautes Marres, La Roche, Les Verrières, Le Clos Majot, Le Clos de St. Jean, and Le Clos de la Perrière,—these likewise are in the Département de la Côte d'Or." "The most esteemed wines of Dauphiny are known by the names of Meul, Grefier, Bessac, Beaume en Raucoules, on the ground of l'Hermilage, Département de la Drome." But great part of the wines of the second class differ little from those of the first, and are substituted for them in commerce. "Those of Champagne are delicate, and of a silky softness; they quickly affect the head, but their effects soon pass away, and they are generally esteemed to be wholesome. The wines of the Lyonnais differ from those of Dauphiny, in having rather less body, and more briskness and vivacity. Those of Arignon have much liveliness (*de feu*), are delicate and agreeable. The produce of Beaujolais is strong and heady; that of Roussillon has more colour, body, and spirit, than some of the others, but is deficient in delicacy and perfume (*bonquet*). The principal growths of the second class wines are as follow: In Champagne—Verzy, Verzenay, Mailly, St. Basle, Bouzy, and le Clos St. Thierry. In Burgundy—Corton, and parts of the growths of Vosne, Nuits, Volnay, Pommard, Beaune, Chablis, Morey, Savigny, and Meursault. The Côtes of Olivette, Pitoy de Perrière, and des Preaux; the Clos of Chaintet and Migremme, Le Moulin à Vent, les Tortins et Chénas. In Dauphiny—Le Tain and l'Etoile. In the Lyonnais—La Côte Rotie. Of Bordeaux—Rouss, Lécaille, Gorse, La Rose, Pichon, Longueville, Calon, Capelle, Margaux, &c. In the Comtat d'Avignon—Le Coteau Bruni. In Beaujolais—Le Jurançon de M. de Perpignan; Les Vins de Gann, and de Riville. In Roussillon—Calliourne, Bagnols, and Casperan."

annually imported, they could nevertheless sell quite as much genuine Champagne, Burgundy, Claret, Port, Sherry, and Madeira!

Having now completely informed our readers what good wine really is, and taught the most ignorant of them (we hope) to distinguish the true *sève*—the *goût de terroir*, whether it be flint or iron—and the *bonquet*; it is our duty to turn to Dr. Macnish and his pleasant *Anatomy*.

Glass-go, as may readily be imagined, has long been famous for its titling glories. Years ago, when we knew it, there was hardly a citizen, a manufacturer, a merchant, a baillie, or a lord rector, who did not toil through the fore and afternoon with the most laudable Scots diligence and industry, but cheered by the promised, the certain symposia of the evening; for, ever after these dry details of the world's affairs, would they, as the poet Dryden expresses it,

"Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day."

In short, it might fairly be said that punch was the *primum mobile* which caused the city's motto to be triumphantly realised, and made "Glasgow flourish." Educated in such an inspiring arena, Dr. Robert Macnish comes before the public with high claims to be considered oracular on the subject of drunkenness, though we cannot help thinking there is some arrogance in his phrase of anatomising it. Burton might anatomise melancholy, or Mr. Brookes might anatomise Thurtell; but to anatomise the system of drinking, trace the circulation of the bottle as you would of the blood, analyse the various humours about the social table, as if they were lymph, or serum, or bile—dissect the involutions and ramifications of the fanciful brain, as if it were in a *caput mortuum*—bah! not even a Glasgow doctor could succeed in the demonstrations. Our author, however, shews considerable talent; and, by way of beginning well, has the name of Make-fun as his publisher, and dedicates his book to a Greek letter—Delta, whose "sincere friend" he declares himself to be, and professes for it "every sentiment of admiration." He then goes gaily at his subject, and commends the antiquity and universality of drunkenness.

"Drunkenness (quo he) is not, like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down [qu. round?] to us from 'hoar antiquity'; and if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the father of the human race. The cases of Noah and Lot, recorded in the sacred writings, are the earliest of which tradition or history has left any record; and both occurred in the infancy of society. Indeed, wherever the grape flourished, inebriation prevailed. The formation of wine from this fruit was among the earliest discoveries of man."

It thus appears that Adam is suspected by Dr. Macnish of sipping a sup now and then—and it is clear, on the same authority, that Noah first took to water and afterwards took to wine, a change not to be wondered at, remembering the immense quantity of the former with which he had to deal. These must have been very aguish times; and even lower down in the stream of human generations, we accordingly find Lot following the common custom of his kind,—or, as Pope says,

"He was but born to try  
The lot of man—to tittle,\* and to die."

\* I think Pope says suffer, not tittle.—Printer's Demon. We quote from memory, and, as far as we recollect either Lot or Pope, believe we are perfectly correct.—Ed.

"Drunkenness (continues the Doctor, impressing its multitudinous deserts upon our minds) drunkenness has varied greatly at different times, and among different nations." It prevails "to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes. The nature of the climate renders this inevitable, and gives to the human frame its capabilities of withstanding liquor." This accounts for the moral and physical superiority of the northern over the southern nations. In the one, the people are all nerve, energy, enterprise, valour; in the other, nothing but enervation, weakness, lassitude, and cowardice. Then, how easily is your Southron intoxicated! "Upon constitutions so differently organised, it cannot be expected that a given portion of stimulus will operate with equal power. The airy, inflammable nature of the first (i. e. the Southron) is easily roused to excitation, and manifests feelings which the second (i. e. the Northman) does not experience till he has partaken much more largely of the stimulating cause. On this account, the one may be inebriated, and the other remain comparatively sober upon a similar quantity. In speaking of this subject, it is always to be remembered that a person is not to be considered a drunkard because he consumes a certain portion of liquor, but because what he does consume produces certain effects upon his system." And on this hypothesis the Doctor is fiercely indignant against the French, who are only so little more towards the south pole than the English are. "Who (he exclaims) ever heard of an Englishman sipping *eau sucrée*, and treating his friends to a glass of lemonade? Yet such things are common in France; and of all the practices of that country, they are those most thoroughly visited by the contemptuous malisons of John Bull." And so they ought—but having thus denounced modern folly, the author enthusiastically reverts to the good old times, which he paints with all the gusto of a "true jolly toper." "It is (he observes) a common belief that wine was the only inebriating liquor known to antiquity; but this is a mistake. Tacitus mentions the use of ale or beer as common among the Germans of his time. By the Egyptians, likewise, whose country was ill adapted to the cultivation of the grape, it was employed as a substitute for wine. Ale was common in the middle ages; and Mr. Park states that very good beer is made, by the usual process of brewing and malting, in the interior of Africa. The favourite drink of our Saxon ancestors was ale or mead. Those worshippers of Odin were so notoriously addicted to drunkenness, that it was regarded as honourable rather than otherwise; and the man who could withstand the greatest quantity was looked upon with admiration and respect; whence the drunken songs of the Scandinavian scalds; whence the glories of Valhalla, the fancied happiness of whose inhabitants consisted in quaffing draughts from the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. Even ardent spirit, which is generally supposed to be a modern discovery, probably existed from a very early period. It is said to have been first made by the Arabians in the middle ages; and in all likelihood may lay claim to a still remoter origin. The spirituous liquor called arrack has been manufactured in the island of Java, as well as in the continent of Hindostan, from time immemorial. Brandy was made in Sicily at the commencement of the fourteenth century. As to wine, it was so common in ancient times as to have a tutelary god appropriated to it; Bacchus and



his companion Silenus are as household words in the mouths of all, and constituted most important features of the heathen mythology. We have all heard of the Falernian and Campanian wines, and of the wines of Cyprus and Shiraz. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the ancients were in no respect inferior to the moderns in the excellence of their vinous liquors, whatever they may have been in the variety."

The Doctor next points out the guilt and folly of that notorious impostor, Mahomet; and the vile and beastly ignorance that prevailed during what are justly called "the dark ages."

"Wine was so common (he remarks) in the eastern nations, that Mahomet foreseeing the baleful effects of its propagation, forbade it to his followers, who, to compensate themselves, had recourse to opium. *The Gothic, or dark ages, seem to have been those in which it was least common:* in proof of this, it may be mentioned that so late as 1298, it was vended as a cordial by the English apothecaries. At the present day it is little drunk, except by the upper classes, in those countries which do not naturally furnish the grape. In those that do, it is so cheap as to come within the reach of even the lowest."

We have little to add to this panegyric, except that we cordially approve of the denunciation of the cheat of Mecca for seducing his deluded followers from wine into laudanum; and that we are obliged to the Doctor for elucidating a new cause for the deplorable prostration of intellect in the Gothic times, when drinking "was least common!"

Approaching to our own age, the author laments the falling off in the descendants of Odin's worshippers. He says, "if we turn from antiquity to our own times, we shall find little cause to congratulate ourselves upon any improvement." Alas! this is too true; and we partially impute it, with the learned Doctor, to the mal-practices of the adulterers of every liquor that is sold to the public. "It would be well (he observes) if the liquor vended to the poor possessed the qualities of that furnished by the contraband dealer; but, instead of this, it is usually a vile compound of every thing spurious and pestilent, and seems expressly contrived for the purpose of preying upon the vitals of the unfortunate victims who partake of it. The extent to which adulteration has been carried in all kinds of liquor, is, indeed, such as to interest every class of society. Wine, for instance, is often impregnated with alum and sugar of lead, the latter dangerous ingredient being resorted to by innkeepers and others, to take away the sour taste so common in bad wines. \* \* \* Alum and sugar of lead are also common in spirituous liquors; and in many cases, oil of vitriol, turpentine, and other materials equally abominable, are to be found in combination with them. That detestable liquor called British gin, is literally compounded of these ingredients; nor are malt liquors, with their multifarious narcotic additions, less thoroughly sophisticated or less detrimental to the health."

That we persevere at all in drinking, in defiance of these nefarious and dangerous innovations, is indeed highly praiseworthy; it shows that the bibacious spirit is not subdued, though it is modified and controlled by the dread of poisons. But so far are we from confessing to the existing degeneracy of the human race, that we deem it would be a foul libel upon, and an indelible disgrace to, "the march of intellect," to suppose, that if really good drink were pro-

vided, it would not be consumed in much larger quantities than at any former era of the world, however renowned in history. Even as it is, Dr. Macnish allows that there are still some [many gallant] persons who will be drunkards, "in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice, and others by necessity. The former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament, of coarse unintellectual minds, and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking-clubs; and with them, in particular, all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle. The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is, perhaps, a person of amiable dispositions."

This passage occurs in Chap. II. upon the causes of drunkenness, among which the Doctor takes no notice whatever of thirst. As for his Calvinistic doctrine of being drunkards by necessity, it may do for the predestinarians of the West of Scotland—the posterity of the old Covenanters—but would be scouted in more civilised regions, where men drink from choice. But there are some customs which the Doctor, we presume, has observed about Glasgow, that redeem this blot. For instance: "mason-lodges are true academies of tipping"—and "husbands sometimes teach their wives to be drunkards by indulging them in toddy, and such fluids, every time they themselves sit down to their libations." These friendly and social indulgences must add greatly to the felicity and harmony of the marriage state in Clydesdale; and we point them out for the example of the sots on the banks of the Thames, who would hardly ever give their wives a drop—if they could help it.

But surely this is like preaching over one's liquor; and we have said enough to recommend Dr. Macnish's work to the whole reading and drinking world. We shall therefore say little more, except to express our sorrow, that by one cruel observation, at page 27, the author severely injures the reputation of four distinguished men, and utterly annihilates the long-established fame of two.\* In Chap. III., however, he rallies, as if it were the third bottle; and he declares, "the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker. Some authors have spoken of the pleasure of being completely drunk: this, however, is not the most exquisite period. The time is when a person is neither 'drunken nor sober, but neighbour to both,' as Bishop Andrews says in his 'Ex-ale-tation of Ale.' The moment is when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth, and breaks the previous taciturnity, if any such existed. What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to

\* "Voltaire and Fontenelle used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; while Democritus and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water." Monstrous!

himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him. Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery; it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect."

What can we add to this glowing eulogy? Nothing! Long may Dr. Macnish, and often may he, enjoy the full luxury of those delights he has so redolently painted!—and may it be our happy fortune, before we die, to meet him where we may troll, after the old Laird of Penrynck, Though this night we drink the sea,  
The morn we'll still as drouthy be.

*Memoirs of the Rev. S. Parr, LL.D. Vol. II. By the Rev. W. Field. 8vo. pp. 483. London, 1828. Colburn.*

WHEN the first volume of this work was published, last January, we briefly noticed it, and promised to review it more at large when the second and concluding volume should appear; and this we now do, though, we confess, with very little predilection for the task—especially after having had to express our opinion upon the intermediate Parriana of Mr. Barker. Mr. Field, having enjoyed thirty-six years of intimacy with Dr. Parr, seems to be well fitted to add the most minute particulars to the very minute biography of that individual; and, accordingly, we find that he has considered nothing to be too small or insignificant for record. His first volume seems to be principally compiled from Maurice's Memoir, the New Monthly Magazine, the Public Characters, the Bibliotheca Parriana, the Spital Sermon, and other familiar publications, both of the learned doctor and of other persons; and to possess very little of originality. Such documents, indeed, as lay claim to that character, are represented to be in the custody of Dr. J. Johnstone of Birmingham (who is thus enabled to make eight instead of two volumes), and of the Rev. J. Lynes, whom Mr. Field styles the "grandson-in-law," by marriage, of Dr. Parr, and who is Dr. Johnstone's co-executor to the will as well as co-adjutor in the literary part of these posthumous labours. Dr. Johnstone also boasts of a forty years' friendship with Dr. P., and of being his physician; while in the struggle for pre-eminence as to the right of acting the biographer, he and his associates consider Mr. Field as an interloper, thrusting himself into their business, and even making impertinent requests for their assistance (refer to Field, Vol. I. pp. 180, 190, and 301). Nor is this all: Mr. Field is a Unitarian minister at Leam, near Warwick, and at the head of a large school where children of that persuasion are taught; and he is, we are assured, very highly prized by his dissenting brethren for his zeal as well as for his learning.\* It is not surprising,

\* Considering this, there seems to us to be a very odd blunder on the part of the learned gentleman at page 75, which may be shared between him and a pupil of Dr. Parr's, whom he quotes without a comment on his error. "In reading a Greek or Latin author (says this well-taught pupil of his master) a stream of illustration issued from him. When we were up at Virgil with him, he thundered out, *ore rotundo*, all the passages which the poet had borrowed, and whilst he borrowed, adopted from Homer and Apollonius the Herodian." Who this

therefore, that they "upon the adverse faction" should accuse him, which they do, of wishing to misrepresent Dr. Parr as a secret convert to Unitarianism, at the expense of his sincerity.\* They assert, on the contrary, that the doctor was perfectly tolerant, and that though he did not agree (as is very evident) with the tenets of established orthodoxy in the Church of England, yet that he was a sound member, and untinctured with Unitarian apostasy.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

*Non nostrum tantis componere lites!*

The second volume of Mr. Field, to which is prefixed another portrait of Parr with a round nose, the first Volume exhibiting a square one,—devotes its early pages to party feelings and portraits, eulogies upon every body of the same political creed, and abuse of every thing, as well as person, opposed to that creed. It is a melancholy picture of the engrossing power of faction (we care not on which side), which blinds us to the merits of those who happen to differ from us in opinion, and weds us even to the vices of those with whom we happen to agree. It was the misfortune of Parr's life to be a violent partisan. But we will pass from the subject to offer a few specimens of his conversational powers, as they are adduced by his biographer.

"He was insisting upon the importance of discipline, established on a wise system, and enforced with a steady hand, in schools, in colleges, in the navy, in the army,—when he was suddenly and somewhat rudely interrupted by a young officer, who had just received his commission, and was not a little proud of his blushing honours. 'What, sir,' said he, 'do you mean to apply that word discipline to the officers of the army? It may be well enough

for the *privates*.' 'Yes, sir, I do,' was the stern reply; 'it is discipline makes the scholar—it is discipline makes the soldier—it is discipline makes the gentleman—and the want of discipline has made you—what you are.' To another young man, by whom he had been much annoyed, he said—'Sir, your tongue goes to work before your brain; and when your brain does work, it generates nothing but error and absurdity.' To a third, who was one of bold and forward, but ill-supported, pretensions, he said—'B—, you have read *little*—thought *less*—and know *nothing*.' It happened in a large company that the question was proposed to him, and urgently pressed upon him, why he had not published more?—or something more worthy of his fame? The expressions of surprise and regret which went round the company, he bore with perfect good humour; till at length a young scholar, jestingly perhaps, but somewhat pithily, called to him—'Suppose, Dr. Parr, you and I were to write a book together?' 'Young man,' he replied, 'if all were to be written in that book which I do know, and which you do not know, it would be a very large book indeed!' Even ladies were not spared who incurred his displeasure, either by pertinacious adherence to the wrong in opinion, or by deficiency of attention to the right and the amiable in conduct. To one who had violated, as he thought, some of the little rules of propriety, he said—'Madam, your father was a gentleman, and I thought that his daughter might have been a lady.' To another, who had held out in argument against him, not very powerfully, and rather too perseveringly, and who had closed the debate by saying, 'Well! Dr. Parr, I still maintain my opinion,' he replied—'Madam, you may, if you please, retain your opinion, but you cannot maintain it.' To another, who had also ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterwards apologised for herself, by saying, 'that it is the privilege of women to talk nonsense.' 'No, madam,' replied Dr. Parr, 'it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle.'"

We fancy few people will coincide in thinking these speeches very praiseworthy; for ourselves, we look upon them to be instances of bad temper, bad manners, and over-bearing, or rather bearish, rudeness, which would hardly be tolerated in polite society, or at all, except where one man was exalted into Sir Oracle, in whose presence no dog should bark. Who that ever met in company on an equal footing, and were not sycophantic satellites of a social unsocial Ursa Major, could have borne the behaviour here described?

"Some years ago, Dr. Parr was passing a few days with an old pupil, an eminent barrister, at his house in Staffordshire, when it happened that another visiting inmate was the celebrated H. C. esq. a brother barrister. One day, a large company were invited to dinner, consisting, amongst others, of several neighbouring clergymen, of whom one was fresh from college, just initiated into holy orders, and strangely ignorant, or strangely forgetful, of the little proprieties which regulate social intercourse, at least in the higher circles. This young ecclesiastic, whether conceitedly, for the purpose of display, or unseasonably, if with a view of gaining information, proposed to Dr. Parr question after question, on subjects of theology, much to the offence of the great divine, who exceedingly disliked the introduction of such topics in mixed companies, at fes-

tival entertainments. Not, however, deterred by the evident displeasure with which his questions were received, or rather repulsed, he still persisted; and, among other inquiries, pressed, with peculiar earnestness, for an answer to the following: 'Whether Mahomet had ever seen the Christian Scriptures?' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, coldly and tauntingly, 'I have not the pleasure of Mahomet's acquaintance.'—'But,' resumed the querist, 'Dr. Parr, do you think that Mahomet had seen only a false gospel, and the epistle falsely ascribed to Barnabas?' 'Sir, I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Barnabas either,' replied Dr. Parr, with increased sternness of accent and manner. But, nothing daunted even by this rebuff, the young inquisitive returned once more to the charge.—'Excuse me, Dr. Parr; but let me ask you, do you think that Mahomet had ever seen a true gospel or not?' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, greatly irritated, 'if you will draw my teeth, why then, to save my dinner, I must say that I think Mahomet had never seen a true gospel.' 'And pray,' said Mr. C., who had been looking on, watching, perhaps with a little spiteful pleasure, the old lion vexed and chafed by the teasing buzz of the insect, calling out from the corner of the table where he sat—'And pray, Dr. Parr, did you ever see a true gospel?' Unprepared for this new and sudden attack, Dr. Parr seemed for a moment confounded; and the attention of the whole company was anxiously directed towards him. But soon recovering himself, and rising from his seat, with an imposing air of dignity, and with a commanding voice of authority, he spoke thus:—'H. C., if you had ever seen a true gospel, you could not have understood the learned language in which it is written; and if you had seen that true gospel, and could have understood that learned language, you could not have comprehended the sublime character it delineates, or the pure morals it inculcates; and if you could have read that true gospel, and comprehended that sublime character, and those pure morals; yet, to shelter your own bad propensities and habits, you would have struggled hard to prove the character a fiction, and the morals a falsehood!' It scarcely need be added, that all present were struck with mingled awe and admiration; the bold assailant was abashed, and sunk into silence, from which, during the evening, he could not recover; and after indulging in his usual deep potations, he was carried off senseless to his bed. The following anecdote is told by one of Dr. Parr's pupils:—Of flippancy of remark on religious subjects he was highly impatient. He once, in my hearing, rebuked Mr. F—, a barrister, in good set terms. This gentleman had somewhat inconsiderately observed, that it was human authority which had put the seal of authenticity on the books of Scriptures; and that the councils of Trent and Nice had decided which were apocryphal and which were not so. Dr. Parr, with some difficulty, heard him to the end of his sentence; when, after a most ominous puff from his pipe, he addressed him nearly in these words: 'Mr. Frith, or Mr. Forth, or Mr. Froth—excuse me if I forget your name—I have not the honour of your acquaintance; and the specimen you have just given of your theological knowledge does not make me highly ambitious of it. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that you are as far from correct chronology in your remark, as you are from right reasoning. These two councils, which sat at widely remote periods of time, had nothing to do with the distinction of books, as at present received into our church. It arose

Apollonius was, is an *enigma* we cannot solve! Was it the poet of *Rhodes*? or was there a partisan of *Herod* of that name?

\* The following may be quoted as an instance, and also as an example of Mr. Field's manner. "Though he delighted most in the easy, careless flow of unrestrained conversation, yet sometimes his discourse would take the form of a set harangue, extended to considerable length, and delivered with oratorical effect. Of this an instance occurs to the writer's recollection. He was dining some years ago at Hutton, in company with several clergymen; and among them was an Irish dignitary, who talked long and loudly of 'our excellent church,' of 'our venerable establishment,' in whose fair face, he should seem, he would discover 'neither spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing.' Having suffered him to run the whole length of his line, with no other interruption but a smile, now and then, of pity, or of a frown, sometimes, of displeasure, Dr. Parr rose at length from his seat; and, after puffing in clouds for a moment or two, laid down his pipe; then resting one arm on the table, and enforcing all he said by the ponderous movements of the other, he broke out into a vehement declamation on the state of the church, painting in glaring colours the grievances under which 'it was sick, though he hoped, not dying!' especially in the unequal distribution of its revenues—in the mysticism of some parts of its creed—in the absurdity of some of its articles—in the servile spirit, too prevalent both among its higher and lower clergy, and in their obstinate resistance to the most reasonable and desirable improvements. He insisted that the church was fast losing ground, both in the esteem of the more reflecting part, and in the affections of the great body of the community. 'Unitarians,' said he, 'multiply and calmly persevere. Methodists multiply, and rage, and swagger. High churchmen hate both and abuse both; and deny the necessity of reforming themselves.' 'The church is in danger. I say it,' said he, 'but let them look to it who have brought it on, and who will not adopt the only method for saving us.' 'Reform,' cried he, roaring out with a voice that literally thundered, and assuming an attitude which seemed to defy all contradiction—'reform I say, is the only safety for our church. As sure as the uprooted tree must bend, or the tower undermined must bow, so surely our church must fall, unless it be reformed in the good opinion of the people.' Then turning to the reverend dignitary, 'Sir,' said he, 'I give you your choice—reform or ruin?—and mark my words, within twenty years, that choice, whichever it be, must take effect.' He concluded with giving as a toast, 'the Church of England and Ireland may it be delivered from all its enemies, and from undistinguishing admirers and extravagant encomiasts—of all its enemies, the worst!'"



from the consent of the early Christians, and is built upon the authority of the ancient fathers. You have given an opinion upon a subject which you ought not to have approached; and have betrayed ignorance without modesty, and pedantry without learning. Leave these matters to maturer knowledge and sounder understandings. This advice I honestly give you. In the words of Lucretius I will enforce it:

*Ne mea dona, tibi studio dispōta fidei,  
Intellecta priusquam sint, contempta relinquant.*

We may subjoin the following by way of a heavy variety. No wonder the doctor disliked punning, if his attempts were always as blank!

"Of all species of wit, punning was one which Dr. Parr disliked, and in which he seldom indulged; and yet some instances of it have been related. Reaching a book from a high shelf in his library, two other books came tumbling down; of which one, a critical work of Lambert Bos, fell upon the other, which was a volume of Hume. 'See!' said he, 'what has happened—*procumbit humi bos*.' On another occasion, sitting in his room, suffering under the effects of a slight cold, when too strong a current was let in upon him, he cried out, 'Stop, stop! that is too much. I am at present only *Par levisus ventis*.' At another time, a gentleman having asked him to subscribe to Dr. Busby's translation of Lucretius, he declined to do so, saying it would cost too much money; it would indeed be '*Lucretius carus*.'"

It may be imagined that we have made these selections invidiously: on the contrary, they are the best bits of the book which we could pick out for the amusement of our readers. If we wanted to display the trivial and the objectionable, we would quote such as the following passages.

"Early in 1819 Dr. Parr formed the project of a tour through the northern counties of England, and the southern counties of Scotland, from which he anticipated much pleasure; and which proved to him the source of many agreeable reflections through the remaining years of his life. Thus, in arranging his plans, he writes for information to his friend, Mr. Parkes: 'Dear Sir,—If it be practicable, I shall go from Carlisle into Scotland. Will you favour me with an account of the distances from Carlisle to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to Edinburgh? Note, if you please, the intermediate stage; and add the names of the second or third best inns. I never go to hotels, or grand houses of entertainment. Be so good as to write at your leisure, fully, on a large sheet of paper. It may be the last journey I shall ever take; and certainly it is the longest I ever did undertake. Yours, very truly, S. Parr.'"

The whole of this tour is an example of similar weakness in attaching consequence to trifles. In Edinburgh the doctor was *feted*, and "he seemed to entertain a higher opinion, if possible, than before, of the literary men who so well supported in their time the honour reflected on their country, by the fame of David Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, John Home, Black, Blair, and others. He often spoke with admiration of their great intellectual powers, or, as he expressed it, 'their confounded strong heads.'" No man who has witnessed a fair symposium with "the mountain dew" could say less. But even here "the Birmingham doctor," as he was scornfully called by one of his adversaries, carried his strong party predilections along with him. He not only admired Jeffrey, Malcolm Laing, and other able as well as inferior Whigs, but he could not

help detracting from the highest living name that Scotland could boast, and merely, it should seem, because its owner was a Tory. This is very paltry, and would be the same were a Tory to shew a like want of just estimation towards a Whig—for it is the principle and the fact, and not the difference of politics, that makes the distinction contemptible.

"He was (says Mr. Field) once or twice in the company of an author of greater and more extended celebrity, perhaps, than any other of his time; whose diversified talents have been displayed in the various departments of poetry, biography, history, criticism, and works of fiction. This, the reader need not be told, is Sir Walter Scott; whose conversation, however, it was noticed, that Dr. Parr rather avoided than solicited. He conceived, whether justly or unjustly, that the literary Hercules had proved himself, on certain occasions, a political Proteus; and the slightest deviation from public principle was with him an offence not easily forgiven. This suspicion of the public man, no doubt, influenced the opinion which he always avowed of the author. He thought that his fame was more brilliant than solid or lasting. 'As a critic or a biographer, who,' said Dr. Parr, 'will attempt to carry up his claims very high?'—'His reputation must, then,' continued he, 'depend chiefly upon his poems and his novels.'—'But is not his poetry even now,' added he, 'almost forgotten? And does not their fading popularity threaten the same fate to his novels?'"

Yet will he shine in the roll of fame, when the learned Doctor and all his learned biographers shall be covered in oblivion. Waverley will outlast the Spital Sermon; the Lady of the Lake please, when Bellendenus de Statu has sunk into its pristine insignificance; and the author of *Tales of a Grandfather* be viewed with admiration and delight, when Philopatra Varvicensis shall be a forgotten name. Mr. Field, however, appears to have coincided too warmly in these opinions of Dr. P. to have felt much disapprobation of the equally puerile and unjust perversion into which they betrayed him. He panegyrises the Doctor's adhesion to Queen Caroline, in terms so glowing that they come to be absolute nonsense.

"The year 1820 (says he) unfolds a dark and distressing page in English history, from which every reader who honours his king and loves his country, would gladly turn away, with an ardent wish that it could be blotted out, as a tale of falsehood or fiction, for ever. This is the amazing and melancholy story of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., of whom posterity will be astonished to read in British annals, that, though a sovereign princess, and the royal consort of England, she was brought to public trial, by the demand, not of the people, but of the court; and that on the charge, *not of a state crime*, but of a civil or moral offence, which, if committed at all, was committed under circumstances usually regarded as exculpatory in the courts of English judicature. More astonished still will posterity be, as they read on, to learn that even this charge, on the very first touch of examination, crumbled into dust.

"The whole population seemed to rise as one man, hastening to mingle in the unequal strife; hurling defiance against the ministerial oppressors, and throwing the shield of their protection round the oppressed."

Now, we are not about to rip up this unhappy controversy again, nor to express the least judgment one way or other upon it, but merely wish to point out the rank folly of any

man asserting that the queen was not charged with a state crime—the charge being high treason;—that it crumbled into dust at the first touch of examination;—and, lastly, that the whole population rose (against whom, then?) in her defence; and, nevertheless, that they rose in an unequal strife against more powerful oppressors than the whole population of Great Britain!!! To us this seems to be egregious nonsense; and earnestly do we hope that the memory of this misguided and unfortunate lady will have abler defenders than the rev. author, whose posthumous services appear to be of about as much value as those rendered to her while living by his friend Dr. Parr.

*Medical Illustrations, founded upon Facts; indicative of the present Condition of Society, &c. &c.* By Mark Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards. 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1828. Carpenter and Son.

ILLUSTRATIONS "founded on facts!" what else could they be founded upon? gravelled us at the title-page of this book, and we turned over the leaf to the dedication. Here, again, we were startled; for the work is inscribed to the Duke of Cambridge and the Coldstream Guards, because the author "believes the profession of killing without murder to be the most satisfactory, &c. mode of attaining rank and fortune!"! There is no accounting for tastes; but we should have thought there were a few still more satisfactory modes of thriving in the world than by any way of killing; preserving, saving, benefiting, improving our fellow-creatures, for example; rendering men happy, rather than knocking out their brains with the butt-ends of muskets; dispensing enjoyments, and reading the blessing in a nation's eyes, rather than slaughtering tens of thousands, and witnessing the mourning of bereaved parents, and widows, and orphans! But Mr. Beaufoy is of another mind, and we dare say sings with great gusto—

"What a glorious thing's a battle!  
Then the cries of wounded flying!  
Then the groans of soldiers dying!  
What a glorious thing's a battle!"

Hoping for better in the preface, we proceeded to that; but once more we were repelled from the volume, by an intimation of the writer in these words:—"That many of the anecdotes related are indelicate, I am unwillingly obliged to admit; but when a man attempts to delineate a *beast*, he must be careful not to substitute 'Hyperion for a satyr.'"

Stumbling thus on the first three steps of the threshold, it is very natural to suppose that we were in no hurry to advance farther into this work, which will account for its having been laid aside by us from the hour of its publication till now. On perusing it, however, though we certainly observe some passages which stand much in need of the apology offered by the author, and which it is astonishing he should have retained to impeach his judgment, being obviously aware of their impropriety; yet it is but candid to say, that we have met with nothing so offensive as to banish the illustrations from the circle of general readers. The objectionable parts are rather disagreeable, from describing too plainly nasty habits and appearances (see page 40, &c.); but we are not aware of any indecency, or of any expressions unless coming in a gentleman to pen. Perhaps a more decided fault in the narrative is, the tone of supercilious censure with which the author treats almost every subject and person. Calling the justly celebrated traveller Humboldt "Baron Humbug," is poor wit; and if the

Baron has been wrong in some of his statements, it is still equally poor argument. Mr. Bullock is spoken of with little more respect; and every thing Mexican is despised in the highest style of John-Bullism. Indeed, Mr. Beaufoy seems to have been too delicate in his appetites for a rough wayfarer in foreign and half-civilised lands. He missed the *cuisine* of the Coldstream at Zacualpan, in spite of its promising termination: St. James's Street had exported none of its refinements to Talpuxahua. Thus he tells us of his eating tortillas: "I rather liked these tortillas when toasted crisp; but as I knew the way in which they were patted by hands not always delicately clean, I took care not to eat the two or three top cakes of a series."

We are afraid that a similar intimate acquaintance with the very best cookery at home would not improve our relish for the most *recherché* dishes: it is not amiss, therefore, in England or in Mexico, to enjoy such matters as you find good, savoury, piquant, and palatable, asking no questions for conscience' sake. "The manner" (continues the author, in rather a whimsical fashion of deterioration)—"the manner in which the Creoles receive each other and strangers, is with an overpowering politeness, which they scarcely even pretend possess a single spark of sincerity: they embrace on each side, throwing the arms round the neck and shoulder first one way and then the other, goodnaturally striking the back with the open palm: they place every thing they have at the disposal of the new comer, wishing he may live a thousand years; but unhappy is the indolent person who takes them at their word."

As we never met with any body who had been indiscreet enough to take a compliment of this sort in earnest, and live a thousand years, we are not prepared to contradict the author as to the unhappiness of the result. We will make some inquiries, however, as the point is interesting on the score of longevity, and trust to be able to speak more definitely in our Review of Mr. Beaufoy's second edition. The following may meanwhile be read as a sample of his sweeping censures.

"The descendants of the Spaniards in Mexico pay not the slightest attention to veracity. They do not understand the meaning of 'word of honour,' but interpret it into words of convenience. In every transaction they will cheat you if possible; making no scruple to deny promises, contracts, loans, or debts. The lawyers are there quite a different sort of persons from the respectable portion of the profession in England. Confidential queries and acknowledgments to a legal adviser in Mexico are the most certain means you could adopt of ruining your own affairs; for if there is a doubt, no sooner have you turned your back, than the worthy lawyer seeks your adversary, makes his own terms, and betrays the weak points of your cause. Crookes of title have been more than once caught in the fact, when endeavouring to purloin prints, books, &c. from the shop of a highly respectable European established in the capital; and what was even worse, laughed at their detection as a good joke, instead of being ashamed of their knavery."

Yet he adds, which seems inconsistent:—"But as far as my own experience goes, I must differ from the sweeping accusation of theft so often alleged against all the lower classes of Mexicans; for throughout my excursions, I cannot recall to mind a single instance in which any article was stolen from my baggage. It is true I kept my eyes about me; but on some occasions, when half a hundred men, women,

and children, have been crowding round to listen to a musical snuff-box I used to produce in the hot country, things might have been easily stolen without my knowing it, if the people had been so inclined."

The subjoined are further and characteristic traits.

"Huts are almost always guarded by a dozen curs; as, though the natives will not hesitate to stab a Christian, they will by no means kill a dog: the brutes will run out a long distance to bite your horses' heels; but if you turn and shew symptoms of fight, they will sneak back as quickly as they advanced. One of the favourite habits of the great mass of the community in Mexico, not only in the hot country where the sun overpowers the inhabitants with lassitude, but also in the mountainous regions where the thermometer often sinks below the freezing point, is killing the vermin in each other's hair. Towards sunset not a hut is to be found where this employment is not going forward. The men are seen extended on the ground, with their heads on the knees of the women, who with infinite dexterity catch the disagreeable intruders; taking especial care, however, to kill only a certain number daily, that the recreation may never fail: the lords of the creation will then cleanse the hair of their wives and children in the same manner. On Saturdays many of the women and girls from the villages go down to the rivulets, and stripping themselves naked, except a very short petticoat, sometimes commence washing their garments, their long black hair, and parts of their person: the passing and repassing of workmen or others causes not the slightest interruption in the scene."

"To a foreigner, the confusion of sounds between the *x* and the *j*, the *o* and the *v*, the *h* and the *g*, pronounced with a cigar in the mouth, is perplexing to a degree; but the annoyance occasioned by those incessant phrases '*poco a poco*,' and '*quien sabe*,' is quite intolerable. The first is an excuse for every kind of idleness; that it is too hot or too cold, the wind is too high or too slight, it is time for dinner, time for a (*siesta*) nap, that to-morrow will do just as well. The other means every thing; the precise interpretation depends on the way in which it is drawled out. It is the French shrug, the English knowing wink, the sign of ignorance, of indifference, of doubt. A man, I will undertake to say, might travel throughout the Republic, visiting every person and place worth his attention, without knowing another word of Spanish than *poco a poco*, *quien sabe*, *usted*, and *si*;\* and that, provided he had a constant supply of cigars in his pocket, he should quit the country with the reputation of being a remarkably well-informed and agreeable companion. On the few large pieces of water met with in Mexico, the Indians make use of a long shallow boat for the purpose of fishing; which is so narrow, that persons unaccustomed to the mode of managing it, would immediately lose their balance and get upset. It is formed of the trunk of one tree; and the Indian owners are often seen in the rainy season, covered with an odd-looking cloak made of the broad reeds of the morass, which effectually turns off the wet during the heaviest of storms. On the great estates for breeding of cattle in the warmer districts, it is usual for the men who pursue them with the lazo through the wilderness of shrubs, to guard themselves against the thorns of the mimosa trees, by means of a mantle of skins which

\* *Poco a poco*, slowly; *quien sabe*, who knows or cares? *usted*, you; *si*, yes.

envelopes all but their face: a long cape hangs from each arm, which the riders hold before their eyes when they dash through a thicket; but I once saw two savage-looking fellows, who were galloping fearlessly in every direction, although completely naked."

"A good saddle-horse, for the cities or travelling, is taught what they term the *paso*; which is effected by striking the inside of the knees of the animal when exercising, until it attains a pace between the trot and the canter; a sort of waddle ridiculous enough to look at, but extremely easy and agreeable to the rider. Journeys of twenty miles a-day, for weeks together, may thus be accomplished without fatigue."

Besides sketches of the foregoing kind, there is some mining information, some antiquarian investigations, and a number of cuts which contribute much to the interest of the work: so that, notwithstanding what we have noticed unfavourable to it, we must own that is lively and amusing.

#### Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs. Vol. III.

[Second paper.]

THIS volume comes down to the period when the allies pressed on Paris, and it was resolved that the Empress and King of Rome should fly for safety. It is, as we have already mentioned, full of remarkable relations, which, however distorted by the writer, cannot fail to excite a lively interest, and throw a vivid light upon the transactions to which they allude. The rascality of the police\* under Savary is divulged in a style of ludicrous simplicity, something resembling the chueking sincerity with which a trickster, after he has gained his aim, tells how he has swindled you into your losing bet or bad bargain. The intrigues put us strongly in mind of some of the horse-cases tried in our courts of law, where the lowest practices, the basest lies, and the most unblushing effrontery, adorn the heroes of the cause, who swear, point blank too, to the most direct contradictions and diametrically opposite statements. M. Savary would have been a prince of a horse-dealer! But we will not detain our readers with much more of his business in the police way than we have already quoted; our remaining selections shall rather refer to higher affairs—affairs of government, of monarchs, of revolutions; and assuredly some of these are passing strange. Savary, among other exploits, arrested an officer belonging to the Prince of Orange, at the time a match between him and the English Princess Charlotte was in contemplation; and, from rifling his papers, he says he discovered that this

\* Of the police at this period we can give a singular an original anecdote. About an hour after the execution at the castle of Vincennes, two gendarmes, who had been present at the murder of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, entered into a wine-shop near the barrier, and related to the master of the shop the scene they had just witnessed. An agent of police, who overheard their conversation, represented to them that they ought to be more guarded in spreading such false reports, at a moment when the city was already in a state of great agitation: (Pichegru had just been arrested). The gendarmes persisting in their assertion, and even affirming that they themselves had been engaged in the execution, the agent of police put them under arrest, and conducted them to the prefecture. The prefect was in bed, it being only about six o'clock in the morning. The officer, however, entered his bed-room, and made his report. The prefect, supposing that the two gendarmes were conspirators, who had assumed that disguise, wrote instantly to Buonaparte, to inform him that two conspirators had just been arrested, who were spreading reports injurious to his character and honour; that they had the insolence to say that a prince of the house of Bourbon had been arrested in Germany by some French troops, and that he had been shot at the castle of Vincennes, &c. The above fact shows the secrecy in which the foul murder of the unhappy prince was enveloped, when even his arrival at Paris was unknown to the prefect of police.—Ed. L. G.



was "a connexion not much to the young prince's taste. He alleged as his motive an apprehension of not finding in that union the happiness which is the only object of marriage, without a certainty of which he would renounce all thoughts of it. He plainly said, in short, that he feared he never could accustom himself to the domineering conduct which he thought it would be the lot of her future husband to submit to. This was no praise of the princess of England; and his mind had not yet acquired a philosophical turn respecting the female character. It was, no doubt, his wish that the Princess Charlotte should be nothing more than Princess of Orange, but that he should become a Prince of England."

The following respecting Murat, in 1811, goes beyond any thing we previously remember. "The emperor directed the arrest of a chamberlain of the King of Naples, who had not left Paris. His directions were obeyed; and an examination took place of the chamberlain's papers, amongst which were found nineteen letters in the King of Naples' own hand-writing. There could no longer exist any doubt, after the perusal of these documents, that whether the idea had originated with himself, or whether it emanated from the brains of some of the persons in his service in Paris, this prince seriously entertained the hope of succeeding to the emperor, in a given case, that of his death, for instance.—Most of those letters were dated in 1809, and had been written whilst the emperor was at Vienna, and the English had possession of Flushing."

We should remark, that Savary is inveterate against Fouché throughout his work,\* and does not spare Talleyrand.†

\* "M. Fouché was of a restless disposition: he always wanted to be employed on something, and generally against somebody. He had already contrived to get access to the emperor, whose favour he was eagerly endeavouring to gain, in order to turn it to his own purposes when occasion should serve. For my own part, I was not sorry for this removal; as it relieved me from the annoyance of receiving the condolence of persons who thought it impossible that the Duke of Otranto should not return to a post, for which they considered him exclusively competent. If the emperor had not called him to Dresden, it is probable that he and I would not long have continued on a footing of good understanding; for I was resolved to take my revenge whenever he might attempt any intrigue, the object of which could only be to cast ridicule on me. We should then have seen which of the two would have outstripped the other. I was far from concurring with those who attributed to him a vast share of talent. It will be seen whether experience has justified my opinion."

† Respecting him at the period when the allies were near Paris, he states:—"I had a positive order to abstain from measures of severity, and was therefore under the necessity of allowing him to run on. I affected not to understand, though in fact my curiosity was the more excited. His experience, however, was proof against the bait thus held out. I could obtain no positive information from him. I was correctly informed of all the visits he received; but his conduct was so artfully disguised, that he could give me the appearance of being quite natural, by successively receiving persons of every opinion, and of all characters. I took care not to have one of them spoken to: the state of our affairs was far too desperate to induce any of those persons to renounce the court favours which they already anticipated the prospect of obtaining. What, besides, could they have told me? of a conversation in which no positive fact could be discovered, or of their private opinions respecting the intentions of M. de Talleyrand, which were in a great measure known to me. I was in this state of uneasiness, when happening to ride about town it occurred to me to pass close by the prince's hotel. I descended from a great distance the carriage of the Archbishop of Mechlin, and imagined they were in close conference together. Being determined to satisfy myself on the subject, I dismounted in the street, and walked in unexpectedly, instead of having the folding-door of the hotel thrown open to me. The porter recognised, but had not the courage to stop me. I quickly ascended the staircase, and reached M. de Talleyrand's closet without meeting with any one in the ante-chamber. He was in close conference with the archbishop. I entered so suddenly, that my appearance had as striking an effect upon them as if I had got in through the window. They stopped short in their conversation, which had been exceedingly animated; both seemed to have suddenly lost the power of speech."

"The style (he continues) of that correspondence was no enigma to me. I found the true key to it in the many injunctions it contained; and felt more than ever convinced that the project of succeeding to the emperor was deeply rooted in the mind of the King of Naples, who had never relinquished it until the birth of the King of Rome. I entertained the impression that his obstinacy in insisting upon retaining about the person of his ambassador in Paris a host of gallant youths, all military men, was nothing more than a precaution on his part, for the purpose of obtaining correct information of the personal dispositions of the individuals holding high employments, of whose concurrence he would have stood in need if the event had come to pass, which was a previous condition to carrying his views into effect."

According to his own report of himself, not only on this, but on all other occasions, the worthy minister of police knew every thing that happened every where. But, to make assurance doubly sure, and at least become acquainted with these secrets, for his own purposes, he took an opportunity of Buonaparte's absence from Paris; and he tells us—"I gave orders (such is the rogue's confession)† that, under pretence of some awkward mistake, a Neapolitan courier should be arrested instead of another courier, and placed for a couple of hours at my disposal."

"The first Neapolitan courier was not long in making his appearance; and my instructions were so judiciously carried into effect, that he was brought to my hotel. Those who conducted him there were, in fact, under the impression that they had actually committed a mistake, with the exception, however, of one person, who was in the secret of

The archbishop's countenance, however, appeared the most discomposed. On perceiving their confusion, I guessed the subject of their conversation, and could not help saying to them, 'This time, at least, you cannot deny it. I find you in the act of conspiring.' I was right in my conjecture; they set up a laugh and endeavoured to deceive me as to their intentions; but I requested them in vain to continue their conversation: they had lost the thread of it. I withdrew, under the conviction that they were hatching some plot, though I was ignorant of its exact nature. "What a disgraceful business for a high minister of state!"

\* After all, the King of Naples did like a chivalrous hero, in comparison with his brother-in-law. His protest against the tribunal, his letter to his wife, and his noble meeting of the fatal sentence, belong to the character of fame; while all Buonaparte's St. Helena tenaciousness of life and littleness class with the contemptible and pitiful.—Ed. L. G.

† On another occasion, when he wanted to get at the despatches of the Russian embassy, he says—"I knew that the Emperor Alexander's aide-de-camp was about to take his departure, and that every one was getting despatches in readiness. Men of all characters and descriptions are to be met with in Paris. I had of late found out one who knew the secret by which letters were shut up with certain padlocks, called *à la Rognier*. Had not the aide-de-camp left Paris, I should probably have become acquainted with whatever was contained in the press in the wall close by the chimney of his apartment. By means which it is unnecessary to divulge, I at last succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole contents of the Russian officer's despatch, dated 21st February, 1812. I drew out of his portfolio the report he addressed to the Emperor of Russia, with its accompanying letter; the copy of the instructions given by the emperor two days before to the director-in-chief of the war department, on the subject of forwarding the military equipages of the army; and, lastly, a summary of the organisation of the grand army, in different corps, according to the order given to the Duke de Feltre, minister of war. I first determined to ascertain whether I was not myself the dupe of some more laid to entrap me; and I repaired to the emperor, who admitted his having recently given the orders in question. "On the day of the departure of the Russian officer, it occurred to me to pay a visit to the prefect of police, with whom I lived on terms of friendly intimacy. I found him closing a letter to my address, in which he sent me copies of all the written papers found in the apartment of the Emperor of Russia's aide-de-camp: the originals were on the table, and ready to be sent to the Duke de Bassano, the minister for foreign affairs, who had asked for them. Though I could not but feel hurt at what a mere accident had enabled me to discover, I was not surprised at it."

my intentions. They expected to be reprieved; and received, on the contrary, some proof of my satisfaction. I opened every paper,—even the ambassador's packet,—and sent it back to him with so much haste, that he might have had doubts of its being any thing more than a mistake, if his experience had not told him otherwise.—[Characteristic gent!]

"This (he adds) is the proper place for mentioning that the emperor had already contemplated to separate the crown of Italy from that of France, and to bestow the former upon his successor: he only delayed making a declaration to that effect until the birth of a second son, who would have been king of all Italy. He had sometimes indulged with his friends in that pleasing hope; and as he treated the King of Naples as a man whom he considered to be inseparably linked to his system, the idea did not occur to him that he would ever dare to oppose his views, if the anticipated event should occur. Nevertheless, this was really the case."

The fact is, every one was playing his own game, and there was neither confidence, honesty, truth, nor attachment, in the whole crowd of these worthless sycophants. No wonder that the catastrophe came at last; but the wonder is prodigious that the rotten fabric should have stood so long, ay, and laid Europe prostrate at the feet of such a set of charlatans. The empress seems to have been out of their pale; for the author confesses, "No pains were taken to trumpet forth her praise; but her merits were known and appreciated by all who surrounded her. I feel pleasure in repeating, that on no occasion did I find it necessary to resort to any underhand means of securing to the empress a good reception from the public, by whom she was sincerely esteemed and beloved."

The breaking-up of the rye knot, who had so long disgraced authority and humbled the world, (we are not disposed to think highly of courtiers generally, but surely they cannot all be so depraved and so contemptible as these volumes shew the court of Buonaparte to have been)—the breaking-up of the system approached, and the picture of the last hours of an empire sustained only by force, is deserving of calm and philosophical contemplation, as a lesson for all times. Napoleon had been defeated in his endeavours to restore victory to his arms in the campaign which succeeded the calamitous invasion of Russia. The German states had fallen off from him one by one, as they dared; Murat had deserted him; and Wrede (whom he deemed he had attached by largesses) only marked his sense of them by becoming, as the friend of Bavaria, one of the most able of his enemies.

The legislative body was assembled in Paris, but here also abandonment and opposition were manifest. "The emperor possessed a considerable treasure, the fruit of his economy. He transferred thirty millions to the public treasury; but this resource was far from being sufficient to meet the exigencies. The credit of the government was shaken; and without money it was impossible to rely with certainty on any thing. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to have recourse to the sale of the communal estates. This resource would have been sufficient; but although the measure was carried into effect, by the regular administrative authority, it nevertheless formed one of the grounds of complaint, of which the legislative body availed itself, in order to deprive the government of the last support it possessed. The legislative body had been for a long time

at Paris; but the session was not opened. How great a responsibility rests on those persons who dissuade the emperor from this act, in order to serve their petty private interests! Already were the mischievous and designing occupied with machinations. They tampered with the deputies, who were discontented, in consequence of the inactivity in which they were kept, and particularly on account of the state of affairs which they exaggerated, because it was not brought under their view. They soon began to make all sorts of reflections, and this amongst others, that if the constitution had been stronger, and the resources, both of population and finance, had been not so entirely placed at the disposal of the government, such misfortunes would not, and could not, have happened. Private resentments mixed themselves up with these reflections. The legislative body contained some old public functionaries, who imagined they had cause to complain of the emperor, those especially who had obtained neither favour nor distinction. They believed that a favourable moment had arrived for bringing him to a strict account. They gave the rein to their passions, instead of occupying themselves with the danger which menaced the state. They had all flattered the emperor's government during his prosperity; they had lavished praises on all the acts of his administration, when all they had to do was to give their assent; they made him a thousand protestations of fidelity and attachment when he was the master of the world; and in the only conjuncture probably in which he could have had need of their assistance, to extricate the state from a danger which could not fail to involve themselves in destruction, they proved untractable, and selected that moment for regulating the limits of a power; which could not be too absolute for the circumstances of the moment, and the bounds of which they would themselves have readily extended, at a period when it might really have been abused. This conduct of the legislative body completed our misfortune."—The amount of which is, that seeing their country drained to the last franc, and exhausted to the last man, they were not such slaves of Buonaparte as the minister of his police. Talleyrand was, in this extremity, offered the seals of foreign affairs; but he was too wily to accept them. "M. de Talleyrand, (says the author,) who knew the object which had been aimed at by all the preceding coalitions, was not deceived respecting the views of the present. He related to me that he said to the emperor, 'Here is your work destroyed. Your allies, by successively abandoning you, have left you no other alternative but that of treating without loss of time; treating at their expense, and at all hazards. A bad peace cannot be so fatal to us as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful. Time and means to recall fortune to your side are wanting, and your enemies will not allow you a moment to breathe. There are, however, among them different interests, which we should endeavour to bring in conflict. Private ambitions present means, of which we might avail ourselves to prepare a diversion.' The emperor asked him to explain himself, and M. de Talleyrand continued: 'There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favourable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is natural to suppose that it possesses ambition, or, at least, that by shewing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it the desire of elevation; and also, that there are in England a sufficient

number of adventurous men to run the chances of its fortune. At all events, such a proposition could do us no harm. On the contrary, if it were listened to, it might bring about changes which would soon place us in a state in which we would have little to repair. Another consideration is, that your allies having failed you, you can now do nothing solid except with new men, connected from the beginning with the conservation of your system.' The emperor listened to M. de Talleyrand, but desired him to speak out more plainly, remarking, that he was always the same, and that there was no knowing what he would be at. Thus pressed, Talleyrand mentioned the Wellesley family, and said, 'Look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped, so long as there is something to be desired.' The emperor did not adopt these suggestions."

How ridiculous this must appear to English readers! But the French were so accustomed to revolutions and to king-making, that they fancied the people of other countries were as ready as themselves to see thrones overturned, and aspiring subjects lifted to sovereign places. Talleyrand, to use a vulgar phrase, must have been humbugging Buonaparte, when he wanted to make him believe that the ambition of Wellington might be tempted to reach at the British crown!!!

Not so in France; for even during the grand invasion in the spring of 1814, when the last stake was at issue, "strange rumours were in circulation respecting Prince Joseph. He is asserted to have said, within the hearing of others, that it was no longer in the emperor's power to make peace; but that he himself would bring it about by means of the empress. My only reason for crediting the assertion was, that the emperor's brothers had on other occasions ventured to suppose that they could act a conspicuous part without his assistance. What surprised me most in the present case was, that Prince Joseph should give way to such illusions. He was less presumptuous than the rest of the family, and was, besides, sincerely attached to his brother. Nevertheless, the spirit of intrigue was actively at work about his person. He spoke to me himself of a plan which had been suggested to him. This was nothing less than to have him proclaimed as regent by the assembled senate, who would also have pronounced the emperor's forfeiture of the throne. Joseph clearly saw, that, if this event had occurred, he would have been at the enemy's mercy, after thus opening the road to Paris, which the fascination still attached to the emperor's name had the effect of keeping still closed against them. I felt, however, the conviction that the leaders in the scheme had fed him with hopes of success previously to his quitting the metropolis."

It was now, as afterwards at Waterloo, *saute qui peut* at Paris; every one for himself, and the *d—l* take the hindmost. Even Savary hesitated about raising the mob, but was afraid that they would tear him to pieces; and so he ran too. His account of the last council at the Tuileries is quite a curiosity: we can only give its finale, and ours also of this notice.

"On quitting the palace of the Tuileries, M. de Talleyrand came up and addressed me in these words:—'Well,' said he, 'thus ends all this business. Are you not also of the opinion of the council? It must be owned we

are losing the game with fine cards in our hands.' Such is the consequence of the folly of some ignorant men who persevere in exercising from day to day a fatal influence. The emperor is really much to be pitied; and yet this will not be the case, for he is very unreasonable in so obstinately confiding in the people who beset him: it is a mere act of weakness, which is quite unaccountable in such a man. Consider, sir, what a downfall for the pages of history to record! He should have given his name to the age he lives in, instead of which it will only stand conspicuous in the catalogue of adventurers! I am deeply mortified at the bare idea. What course are we now to adopt? It is not the duty of every one to remain under this edifice now crumbling to ruins: however, we shall see what will happen. The emperor would have done much better to spare me his insults, and to form a more correct estimate of those who instilled prejudices into his mind. He would have discovered that such friends as the latter are much more to be dreaded than open enemies. What would he have said of any one else who might have involved himself in the like difficulties?"

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. IV. *Rudiments of Geography, on a new plan. Designed to assist the Memory by Comparison and Classification; with numerous Engravings of Manners, &c., accompanied with an Atlas, exhibiting the prevailing Religions, Forms of Government, Degrees of Civilization, and the Comparative Size of Towns, Rivers, and Mountains.* 18mo. pp. 214. London, 1828. Whittaker.

THIS work is an importation from America, and reprinted in England. It is compiled on a principle similar to the little work of Mr. Cobbin (noticed last week), and possesses one apparent advantage over it; viz. the introduction of a variety of questions after every subject, for the purpose of exercising the pupil in what he has read or already learnt. At first sight, it would seem that these questions refer to an immense quantity of matter on which the work presents no information; but the preface informs us, that, "in the use of this work, it is intended that the pupil should derive most of his information from a careful examination of the maps and chart, (which are published in a separate volume, 4to.), as the only substantial basis of a knowledge of geography. No pains should be spared to render this part of the subject familiar to his mind. To effect this object, the questions have been made as numerous and particular as the limits of such a work will allow, and it is not designed to give him any information in words which he can obtain from the maps." Thus far it appears good, and, with the aid of the Atlas, the pupil may, with these "Rudiments," obtain a tolerable initiation into the first principles of geography; but farther than this he cannot go, as the book itself is too bare of such instruction as cannot be obtained from the maps. What, for instance, can be learnt from Mr. Woodbridge's book, of that venerable and interesting country, Egypt? when the information he deigns to afford thereof is wholly contained in the following six lines!

"Egypt is celebrated for the wonderful pyramids, near Cairo, and other works of the ancient inhabitants. It is a hot but very fruitful country, which is watered by the overflowing of the Nile, instead of rain. There are some professed Christians in Egypt, but the people are generally in the lowest state of ignorance and oppression."



Then follow nine questions concerning the boundaries, and two or three chief places of Egypt; the answers to which must be derived from the map, and from the same source we suppose the pupil must obtain all other requisite information concerning Egypt! Does Mr. Woodbridge suppose that children can learn geography by instinct or inspiration? The style of the work is often poor and ungrammatical, and it contains a great deal of matter that is truly absurd. What, for instance, can justify the introduction of such a paragraph as the following?

"The natives of these (the East India) islands are chiefly Pagans, and some of them devour their parents when they become old. The parents descend from a tree, and suffer themselves to be killed, saying, 'The fruit is ripe, and it must be eaten'!"

Whoever is the writer or compiler of the absurd parts of this book, whether it be the Rev. W. C. Woodbridge, A.M. of America, or the editor of the work in this country, he evidently shews a great want of judgment, and that he is totally unfit for the task of writing books for the tuition of youth.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Shampooing, &c.* By S. D. Mahomed, &c. 8vo. Brighton.

WE are not sure that we have not noticed this volume of our *Esculapius* of Brighton before, but a good turn cannot be done too often; and as he has shampooed us more than once, we shall review him (if it should be so) again. It is really quite distressing to persons confined to London at this season, to witness friends and acquaintances, whose absence they had scarcely discovered, walk in upon them ruddy and hilarious—poor, weak, pale dogs only a fortnight ago, but now, stout, brown, active, loud-speaking, devil-may-care fellows;—and when wonder is expressed at the alteration in their appearance, saying with an excessive air, "Why, I have been to Brighton, and taken Mahomed's Shampoo Baths so many times—and so you see I am another man." Heartily do we wish that Mahomed had pulled them to pieces. But with regard to his book, it is a medley; consisting of statements of cases, scraps from many sources in praise of the Indian medicated bath, and arguments to prove that there are few maladies which will not yield to the shampoo. For asthma it is a specific; and we would recommend to all our readers who are contracted in their bodies (or even in their minds—for nobody can tell how far the operation may produce internal effects), to try the system:—as for rheumatism and sprains, let them look to it for cure. In short, this is not the impostor Mahomed, but a clever practitioner, in a way which often yields relief to diseases and pains of long standing, by a very simple process.

*Chameleon Sketches.* By the Author of "a Picturesque Promenade round Dorking." 12mo. pp. 251.

DORKING is one of the loveliest landscapes within any half-hundred miles of London; and it has been one of our omissions not to have spoken well of the book mentioned in this title-page as a recommendation of the author. However, it was a pleasing little volume that slipped by; and we, at this late hour, do it the justice of saying, that it deserves well of all Dorking folks and Dorking visitors. We had a design of dilating on the sylvan beauties it describes, from personal enjoyment, or we

should, at once, have borne a testimony to its merits, as concise as this.

The *Chameleon Sketches* shew the same inclination in the author to observe, to feel, and to describe. He is evidently young, and it is a disadvantage to him that we are old; for though his remarks have quite as much of mind as will please the less experienced, we cannot, though we approve, think of setting forth extracts as fit food for our contemporaries. But as this mode of speech may be considered rather oracular; we will pronounce *Chameleon Sketches* to be an agreeable miscellany, though we would not instruct graybeards by quoting from its pages.

*Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments, &c. &c.* Edited by F. Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 440. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE good sense and judgment of the editor have been evinced in so many useful publications, which we have been called on to notice in the course of our labours, that we take up any work bearing his name with the certain conviction, that it will add to the mass of instructive and valuable reading for which the public are already his debtors. The present volume is founded on M. H. Zschokke's Sketch in 1819 (which is much more intelligible than his name is pronounceable); and Mr. Shoberl has greatly improved his original by additions, collected from the best authorities, missionary reports, &c. within the last eight or ten years. The historical accounts of the introduction and early progress of Christianity are very curious; especially as they are combined with references to the superstitions which were superseded.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 25.

AN extraordinary circumstance took place the other day. An Irishman, who arrived here some months ago, made his *début* in the capital by tumbling into love with a fair Parisian; and, not being able to tumble out again, wooed and married the lady, settled two hundred a-year on her, and deemed himself the happiest man alive, in the prospect of possessing *la plus belle femme de Paris*. Previous, however, to his putting *la corde au cou*, and enchainning himself for life, he forgot to inquire whether the lady of his love had other tender ties—debts; and also whether she owed her fine form entirely to nature, instead of having recourse to artifice to produce the curves, rises, and falls, necessary to attain the shape *à-la-mode* (that of an hour-glass); these questions *mon Irlandois* never thought of putting before-hand; so that when he discovered that at least the half of his *cara sposa* was cotton—that she owed ten thousand francs of debt—and that her affections had long been placed on a noble cuirassier,—he sallied forth to a lawyer, to consult him upon dissolving a marriage where so much deception had been used; and dwelt with peculiar force on the artificial *emboupoint* of madame, to the no small amusement of M. l'Avoué, who assured him, if marriages could be broken on such a plea, scarcely one would exist; but that, in the present times, no man was *assez fou* to believe appearances; and that, though in Ireland it might be the custom to appreciate the fair sex by their size and weight, as yet they were not trafficked for at Paris by measurement. The Hibernian was inconsolable. To live with the lady was impossible; so it was agreed that he should propose a separation until she acquired the dimensions he judged reasonable; that he should

pay her debts, on condition of her renouncing a hundred a-year; and that she should reside in her province, live on milk, take exercise, and adopt the quickest fattening system during an absence of twelve months. These propositions were partially acceded to; the lady relinquished one hundred a-year of her settlement; but to return to the country was out of the question; besides that, on condition of his absence, she would esteem herself but too happy in remaining a skeleton for life. So ended the matrimonial adventures of Paddy, who set out for Switzerland, in search of fresh blunders.

I went on Wednesday night to see the new *pièce d'opéra*, *Le Comte Ory*, and was enchanted with the music; the plot was also interesting enough—absent lords, handsome pages, a beautiful dame left unprotected and exposed to vows, sighs, and tears of suitors, who kindly offer to fill the husband's place,—were the leading features of the intrigue. Count Ory is an old Lovelace, but sang divinely; for the drinking chorus, chanted by him and his companions when disguised as pilgrims, was admirably performed. The author was called for, and announced to be Rossini!

The Académie Française, at its last sitting, adjudged a prize of 6,000 francs to Mr. Charles Comte, *redacteur de l'European Censor*, and author of *Traité de Legislation*; also 3,000 francs to the charming authoress of *Les Six Amours*, in which, however, there is one error, that of not having placed maternal love the first in rank, purity, and strength; but in every other respect the fair writer is unexceptionable, and merits the esteem and admiration of the lovers of belles lettres. Many of the prizes in the colleges have been gained by Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Mulattoes, Persians, and even a South American negro, which proves the impartiality of this nation in judging merit. I understand that many of the Egyptians here are peculiarly gifted with the talent of calculation.

Lord Cochrane, it is said, sets out in a few days for Greece, and, I believe, will have many followers, as volunteers, to join him. Several young men of rank and fortune have given large sums to aid the Greek cause.

Our king goes in a few days to visit Lunenburg.

The Polytechnical Society has admitted M. Fayatier, a young statuary, sculptor of the beautiful and famed statue of Spartacus, as one of its members; and also a *Polonais literati* as a correspondent, who has shewn his gratitude for such an honour by the gift of eight hundred volumes to the society—a large donation for the gratification of self-love!

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

SIR,—Having been advised to make a short tour this summer for the benefit of my health, I visited Paris, and among my letters of introduction was fortunate enough to obtain two or three addressed to the principal medical gentlemen who practise animal magnetism in that city. The generality of your readers being, I believe, but little acquainted with this interesting science,\* it may not be unacceptable to them to receive a plain statement of a few facts connected with it, which came under my own immediate observation.† My name, if it

\* Several of our Paris letters last year gave accounts of its progress, and of remarkable cases that had occurred.—Ed. L. G.

† Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the history of animal magnetism, its important curative powers, and its most astonishing, though comparatively rare, effect, somnambulism, may be referred to the following books, which are doubtless to be had at some of the French booksellers in London:—*Histoire Critique du*

can add any weight to the narrative, may be learned by inquiry at your office.

I carried from London a lock of hair belonging to a sick friend. His disorder was of a bilious nature, resembling jaundice, especially in its having thrown a dark hue, approaching to black, over the whole surface of his body. The bile, as I understood, had taken a wrong course, and mixed, not as it ought to do, with the blood. A physician of the first eminence, who attended him, informed me when leaving London, that his recovery was all but hopeless. Dropsy was supervening on the disorder of the liver.

Twelve days elapsed between the cutting of the lock of hair and my presenting it to Madame Gillaud, a somnambulist, at the apartments of Dr. Dupotet, in the Rue des Saints Peres, at Paris. The doctor having, by the process of magnetising for a few seconds, produced in this woman the extraordinary kind of walking (or rather, talking) sleep, called somnambulism, she received from him the hair, felt it for a while with attention, then (very differently from her usual manner in other consultations which I had witnessed) she dropped her head upon her breast, and fell into a state of complete torpor, from which her magnetiser had great difficulty in arousing her. At length she recovered, raised her head a little, and said, slowly,—"Je m'en vais—je vais mourir." She proceeded to tell us, that the patient was drawing towards the close of his career, that he had the *maladie noire*, that his blood was corrupted, that there was no use in ordering any thing for him, but that he might be allowed to do what he liked best himself. In answer to the question, Whether magnetising would be of any service to him; she replied, that it might prolong his life a little. I had carefully abstained from giving any hint, either to M. Dupotet, the respectable physician, himself, or to his somnambule, which might guide either of them to a previous knowledge of this case: you may judge, therefore, of my astonishment on discovering the accurate acquaintance she had internally acquired of its nature and speedy termination. A few posts afterwards, I learned that my friend had actually paid the debt of nature on the very day preceding this consultation.

It may be objected, that if the clear-sightedness of this somnambulist was perfect, she should have known that the person in question was no more, at the moment she was consulted about him. But you will recollect, that the hair had been severed from his head *twelve days before*, and the magnetic fluid contained in it could only convey to her perception a sensation of the patient's *then* state, viz. that of a dying man, which she certainly expressed in a very unequivocal manner. Nor let it be alleged that this was but a lucky guess on her part; for I consulted her at the same time on the cases of two other distant friends, through the medium of their hair, and received proofs of her intelligence equally surprising; especially where, from describing the physical state of one of these persons, she made a sudden digression, to paint some traits in his moral character—traits perfectly familiar to his friends—which had caught her admiration.

During my stay at Paris, I had also frequent opportunities of seeing, at M. Foissac's,

*Magnetisme Animal*, par J. P. F. Delucie—Instruction Pratique sur le Magnetisme Animal, par le même—*Traité du Somnambulisme*, par A. Bertrand—*Exposé des Cures opérées en France par le Magnetisme Animal*—L'Hermès, a monthly publication, begun in 1826, Levi, Quai des Augustins—*Le Propagateur*, published monthly, by M. Dupotet, 26, Rue des Sts Peres.

in the rue Mondovi, a somnambulist of the name of Paul, who has the faculty of reading with his eyes shut, an experiment which I repeatedly investigated and fully verified, myself holding his eyelids firmly closed, while various books were taken and opened at random before him, out of which he read fluently. I forbear giving the details of these experiments, because similar ones, which took place before the committee of investigation appointed by the Royal Academy of Medicine, in Paris, have been recorded in the *Hermès*.

Not two months ago, Mr. Editor, I foolishly declared, that nothing would ever induce me to believe the wonders related of animal magnetism; because, forsooth, I had never seen or heard the like: now—I am free to acknowledge, that there may be more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy; or rather, I am more than ever ready to declare with the son of Jesse, that the works of the Lord are great—worthy to be studied and had in remembrance—sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. E.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER.

"Oh! it is beautiful to see this world  
Poised in the crystal air, with all its seas,  
Mountains, and plains, majestically rolling  
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,  
And year by year, and century after century;  
And, as it turns, still wheeling through the immense  
Of ether, circling the resplendent sun  
In calm and simple grandeur."—*Litherton*.

THUS faithfully does the poet describe the rotation and revolution of the earth, which beneficent arrangement, combined with the inclination of its axis, successively adorns this globe with the flowers of spring, tempers the fervid heat of a tropical sun, dispenses abundantly the ripened fruits of autumn, stills the howling tempest, and loosens the icy fetters which mark the gloom and desolation of winter. This interchange of the seasons is forcibly presented to our minds by the arrival of our planet at that part of its orbit when the sun shines from pole to pole, and the days and nights are every where equal,—a cheering event to that part of the human family in high south latitudes, who will, on the 22d day, 14 hrs. 20 min. have their vernal equinox, and bid adieu to the rigours of winter, to anticipate the cheering influence of the summer's sun; while to our hemisphere there awaits the sere and yellow leaf of autumn, the fitful blast, and the snowy livery of winter; but bearing also to the Briton's home the anticipation of the cheerful hearth, drawing around it, as with a magic wand, the social and domestic circle.

### Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

|                                | D. | H. | M. |
|--------------------------------|----|----|----|
| ● New Moon in Leo              | 8  | 20 | 33 |
| ○ First Quarter in Sagittarius | 16 | 11 | 26 |
| ○ Full Moon in Pisces          | 23 | 2  | 12 |
| ○ Last Quarter in Gemini       | 30 | 9  | 7  |

The moon will be in conjunction with

|                     | D. | H. | M. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|
| Saturn in Cancer    | 4  | 23 | 0  |
| Venus in Cancer     | 5  | 3  | 0  |
| Mercury in Leo      | 9  | 2  | 20 |
| Jupiter in Libra    | 13 | 6  | 0  |
| Mars in Sagittarius | 17 | 23 | 15 |

6th day, 3 hrs. 15 min.—Mercury in superior conjunction, 1 deg. 40 min. north of the sun.

1st day—the following are the proportion of the phases of Venus, the morning star:

|                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| Illuminated part  | 3.07204 |
| Dark part         | 8.98716 |
| Apparent diameter | 40 sec. |

The brilliancy of this planet is not in proportion to the breadth of the disc that is enlightened, but on the quantity of illuminated surface: when Venus has the whole disc en-

lightened, it is at its greatest distance, consequently appears under its smallest angle, and is scarcely perceptible amidst the splendour of the solar rays; on the contrary, when nearest the earth, so small a portion of the orb is in the enlightened hemisphere (though subtending its greatest angle), that it is with difficulty seen, both on this account and its proximity to the sun: it follows, then, that the greatest brilliancy observed must be between the inferior and superior conjunctions of the planet, and this occurs between the places of greatest elongation and inferior conjunction, or about 40 deg. east or west of the sun, when the planet may be seen with the greatest ease during the day: this position Venus will attain early in the month, in the constellation Cancer.

Mars continues a conspicuous object in Sagittarius, and passes the meridian at a very low altitude, at the following times respectively:

| D. | H. | M. | D. | H. | M. |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1  | 7  | 33 | 13 | 7  | 31 |
| 25 | 7  | 13 |    |    |    |

The intermediate periods of the transits may be easily obtained by proportion.

18th day, 3 hrs.—Jupiter in conjunction with 2 a Librae. There are no visible eclipses of the satellites this month.

Saturn rises shortly after midnight, attended by those stars which deck with brilliancy the evening canopy of winter. Cancer, the zodiacal constellation which this planet has recently entered, is not distinguished by any star of a greater magnitude than the third; there are seven of the fourth, and seventy-five stars of inferior magnitudes; it is, however, of considerable interest, as being the constellation in which, 2000 years since, the sun attained his greatest northern declination: two of the stars in Cancer are called the Asses—*Assellus borealis* and *Assellus australis*, between which is a cluster of small stars called *Præsepe*, the Manger. We learn from Plutarch, that when the sun entered this sign, the Egyptians baked cakes, on which an ass was represented bound, that animal being the emblem of Typhon. In the Hindu zodiac, and that of Esné, the symbol of this sign is a beetle. When Cancer rises, the pointers are in the north, below the pole, elevated 18½ deg. and 23½ deg. respectively. Lacerta occupies the zenith; and Fomalhaut, a star of the first magnitude, at a small elevation above the south horizon.

1st day—Uranus re-enters Capricornus, and passes the meridian at the following times respectively:

| D. | H. | M. | D. | H. | M. |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1  | 0  | 21 | 11 | 8  | 44 |
| 21 | 8  | 7  |    |    |    |

Depford.

J. T. B.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### LITERARY CURIOSITY.

[We reprint, verbatim et literatim, the annexed choice morsel, as a specimen of English printing on the Continent. It is a pamphlet of fifteen pages.]

*Humble Appeal to the Loyalty of the British Nation.* By George Wolfgang Ulric Wedel, concerning the *Machinations* against his detected natural System of the Earth, and his invented Meter of the Longitudes, entirely answering to the National Demand. Humbly dedicated to the illustrious Members of the House of Commons by the Author. Altona, 1822. Printed by C. G. Pinckvoss.

"Recte omnium etiam in hac scientia sidera, talis successus temporis detectum iri, que nostrum eternum superant plane intellectum."—*Job. Hevelii Mercurius in Sole visus Gedani 1662 p. 3.*

"My assiduous and careful studies of the Nature during more than 12 years, being



blessed through the Grace of God by the detection of the true System of our Earth; the knowledge of which enabled me to invent a Meter of the Longitudes, who defines to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a degree the Longitude of the place wherein the Observation is made and entirely resolves the National Demand since any other need, than the notion of the time in the place of Observation: 'I am necessitated to implore by this publick humble Appeal the Loyalty of the British Nation, against the Machinations of Men, whose Interest is contrary to my invented Instruments, and who by this reason hitherto suppressed the publick notice of their existence.' The fact is as follows:—Wanting the notice on the forms of the British Constitution and Government, I addressed 1822 Febr. 22 a latin letter to the Most Honourable House of the Commons, wherein I notified my detection belonging the natural System of the Earth, and my invention of a Meter of Longitudes with the description of his construction. I adjoined 6 designs, and diverse little printed tracts concerning my new doctrine. By a kindly french answer April 6. 1822 Mr. Young Dr., Secretary of the Board of Longitudes, informed me, that my paquet was traded by the late Marquis of Londonderry, with the approbation of the Hon. Speaker of the House of Commons, to the Board of Longitudes; which, as a competent Judge of my Inventions, in one of his Sessions April 4, had enquired the contents of my paquet; but: 'that they had nothing found therein, for to testify their approbation.' Entirely persuaded of the truth of my detection and invention, and that it were impossible to judge in but one Session on the real value of my new doctrine, and on the effects of my Meter of the Longitudes before his construction; I mingled May 12, a second french letter, wherein I requested a more exact examination of my papers, assuring, that the strictest inquiry would vindicate all my assertions. Communicating this minute to a friend of mine, he told me, that it would be useless to send this letter at London, because the Board of Longitudes never would favour my invented Instrument, being it contrary to the Interest of their Body. For prove of this assertion, he communicated to me the 19th Volume of the universal geographical Ephemerids, where pag. 129—153: 'Mr. Gütze on Th. Mudge Chronometer,' has related the Injustices and secret Practices of the Board of Longitudes, against all the Inventions, which could resolve the Problem on the Longitudes by an other way, than by the use of the tables of the Moon; and that a member of the Board had declared: 'that the perfection of time keepers would be against the Interest of the Science.' Thus, I retained my intended answer to the Board of Longitudes. 1826 April 14. I wrote to His Excellency the Lord Canning a french letter concerning my forementioned Inventions, wherein I complained, to be disappointed of the reward for so much pains I applied on the resolution of the long desired Problem, and requested His Excellency, to favour me against the traverses of my Adversaries; and that, after having proved, that my meter of Longitude wholly answered to the National Question; an advance of 500 Sovereigns graciously might paid to me here to the end, that I could leave Hambro, and travel for London, where I wished to prove the great value of all my detections, and to claim the price assured by a Parliamentary Act, to the Inventor of the Meter of Longitudes. I was honour'd April 28. by a gracious answer, wherein the Right Hon.

Marquis Clauricorde informed me: 'that the Board of Admiralty were the proper Department for appreciating my discoveries, to whom I had to send my papers and requests.' By virtue of this gracious advice, I wrote May 19 1826. a french letter to the Most Honourable Board of Admiralty, which by the favour of Sir Canning, His Majesty's General Consul here, was sent at London. In these my letter I related my detection of the true system of the Earth; my invention of a Meter of Longitude entirely resolving the National Demand; my invention of an other Instrument, by me called Tellurium, by which I could show all Phenomenns concerning the Earth, render reason on their Causes, and on the Causes of all optical deceptions. That 1822 Febr. 22. I addressed a latin letter to the Most Hon. House of the Commons belonging my inventions, on which I received an condemnatory Judgment from the Board of Longitudes, because he had but made a superficial Enquiry on the contents of my papers; that I had composed an answer to the Board, for to require a more careful examination of all my assertions and inventions, which would prove their truth; but that I had not sent these letter, being advised by certain proofs from a friend of mine, that the Board of Longitudes for reasons of his particular Interests, never would favour my invented Instrument, although it determines to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a Degree the Longitude of the place with no lesser certitude, than the Gnomons by the shadow, the time o'clock. Lastly, I humbly supplicated: 'that after having proved the real effect of my Meter of Longitudes' an advance of 500 Sovereigns on the price of 20000 Pounds graciously might accorded and paid to me here at Hambro, which I need for to transfer me at London. To this letter I adjoined the copy of my destined answer to the Board of Longitudes, and 50 Dogmas of my new doctrine, whereof I asserted 1826 Oct. 27 and 28 in the Mercury of Altona, and in the Correspondent of Hambro, what none of my numerous adversaries at this day has dared to confute: 'that no Astronomer or Mathematician in the World would be able, to make any real objection against them.' In a note of my 37th. Dogma I remarked, how erroneously hitherto the degrees of Longitude were determined; being asserted in the history of the travels to the South-Sea, that Otaheite differed from the Observatory at Greenwich, 148 deg. 50 min. by Commodore Byron, 150 deg. 0 min. by Captain Wallis, and 149 deg. 32 min. by Captain Cook; whilst the difference of time 2 hrs. 14 min. 16 sec. carefully observed 1769 on the transit of Venus, undoubtedly had constated, but a distance of 33 deg. 30 min. 16 sec. Beyond this fact, in a special german dissertation: 'On the Observations of the Heaven,' I've proved: that none of them, nay any Tables of the Moon, are able to determine the true number of the degree of Longitude of any place on the Earth; whereof the great value of my Invented Instrument for Mankind, can not be doubted. Although the contents of my letter and the adjoined pieces proved, that their Author were a very learned Man; nevertheless hitherto after more than a years time, I received not a word on the accept of my letter, nay any answer. An Inhumanity, which the Right Hon. Chiefs of the Admiralty, never would have permitted, if my most interesting letter and the adjoined 50 Dogmas were come to their notice. Probably, an enemy of my new doctrine, and a Patron of the Board of Longitudes, reported to their Lordships: that my papers contained but

astronomical matters; wherefore he received the Order: to remit them to the Board of Longitudes; who, as Adversaries, and accused by me, related to the Board of Admiralty: 'that my paquet contained nothing, but Chimeras of a Mad, and merited not to be answered.' This true Relation of the facts; will, I doubt not, justify this my humble Appeal to the Loyalty of a Nation, whose strong Justice and Magnanimity will never permit; that by the machinations of any one; a stranger of merit should be defrauded of the reward, stated by a Parliamentary Act to the Inventor of a Meter, which on  $\frac{1}{4}$  a degree determines the Longitude of each place of the instituted Observation. Nay, that by the great quantity of very learned and opulent Men in England, there will be found many private persons, who would favour me by the requested 500 Sovereigns, being the only way for to make the personal acquaintance of the Detector of the natural System of the Earth; to see the admirable effects of his invented Instruments; to be instructed of his new doctrine; and to hear the resolutions of all objections or doubts, which might be moved, against any one of his assertions. Belonging the quantity of faults, I committed in this Appeal against the Genious of the English Tongue and their Grammar rules, I am persuaded: that one of the cultivated Nations, which esteems Realty much more, than all beauties of Words, will graciously excuse them to a German, who from his youth endeavoured: 'more to be, than to seem.'

"Hambro Febr. 22 1826.

"GEORGE WOLFFGANG ULRIC WEDEL."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ART AND ARTISTS.

UNDER this title, and in the absence of other matter connected with painting, we shall occasionally offer a few remarks on what is going forward within our own observation, yet on what may be communicated to us on good authority by others, interested in the cause and character of the Fine Arts.

Painting, it is well known, is essentially an imitative art. Although, in its higher departments, it aims at much nobler objects, yet, in its ordinary practice, its efforts are directed to produce a deception on the sight. In many cases, however, this has led to deceptions of another kind, the authors of which, if not chargeable with actual fraud (which we much doubt), cannot at any rate assume the title of "Innocent Impostors."

Artists, as well as men of more wealth and of higher worldly pretensions, often leave in their works what may be called "bones of contention." The originality of a picture is frequently contested with as much warmth and zeal as the title to an estate. The love of art leads naturally to the purchase of the productions of art; and purchasers give rise to traders in the commodity sought after. Presently, not only what is excellent, but what is scarce, becomes the object of attraction, both to the amateur and to the dealer. Demand stimulates to the production of supply; and unlikes and originals are multiplied in an extraordinary manner. The consequence of this is, that doubt associates itself with what is really genuine; which, if destitute of a name or a pedigree, will be set aside until it can find one.

To put the saddle on the right steed, is not always in the power of those who would willingly do it. So it often fares with pictorial

\* A work so called by Bernard Picart.

appropriation; and the names and dates of paintings are frequently asserted or conjectured upon very slight and insufficient data. Doubtful originals (if the term may be allowed) have been so frequently the subject of critical animadversion and exposure, that the utility of any further discussion on the point may be questioned; but as there are tyro-collectors and amateurs who may wish to be instructed in matters of this kind, we will mention a case which has very recently come under our cognizance, attended with circumstances of rather a peculiar nature, which will shew how little the judgment even of men eminently skilled in the knowledge and practice of the art, can in some instances be depended upon, when they are required to determine on the style and character of different masters and schools of painting.

A gentleman who has long been well known for his extensive and tasteful collection of prints, lately purchased a certain painting. As it had the Corunna mark on the back, it was considered a Spanish picture, and it was ascribed to Velasquez. Some doubts, however, being entertained by the purchaser on this head, the picture was placed in the shop of an eminent printseller and publisher, that it might be generally seen, and that opinions might be collected respecting it. The result was, that it was universally pronounced to be of Spanish origin; and that a number of good judges declared it to be an unfinished picture by Velasquez. The merits of the work were acknowledged by everybody.

Some time after these various opinions had been given, a person who was well acquainted with the productions of the late Richard Morton Paye, came into the shop, and on inquiring to whom this picture belonged, and what it did there, was told that it was considered to be an unfinished picture by Velasquez. "Velasquez!" he exclaimed; "alas, poor Paye! how little would you, in the neglected and forlorn situation in which you were allowed to pine out your life, have imagined that a mistake would ever be made so flattering to your talents!" He then proceeded to prove the fidelity of his recognition of the picture, not merely by his familiarity with Paye's style, but by naming the individuals—the wife and children of the artist—who had sat for the characters introduced into the composition.

Let us not be suspected of any disposition to do injustice to Paye's memory. On the contrary, we are sure that those who recollect his "Sulky Boy," his "Child of Sorrow," his "St. James's Day," &c. will agree with us, that the error was by no means so surprising, as at first sight, and to persons unacquainted with the powers of that able but unfortunate artist, it may appear. Our only object has been to shew how difficult it is to judge of such matters; and if that difficulty exists in cases in which little or no effort has been made to produce it, how much must it be increased in instances in which the greatest ingenuity has been practised for the express purpose of deception! In our next paper on the subject we will adduce a few out of a thousand such instances.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

ALFREDE AND MATYLYDA.\*

Written by Robertt Hainesroode, of Chepingtortion, in 1530.

THE bryghtt enamell of the mornynge's gleame  
Began to daunce onn bobblyng Avoyn's  
streame,

\* We thank our friendly correspondent for this curious poetical and antiquarian relic of beauty. We shall be glad to hear from him again; and to correct any errors into which the indistinctness of his MS. may have led us.

As yothefull Alfrede and Matylda fayre  
Stoode sorowynge bie, ennobled bie despayre:  
Att tymes theyr lypps the tynts of Autumpe  
were,

Att tymes a palerr hewe thann wynterr bore;  
And faste the rayne of love bedew'dd theyr  
eyne,  
As thos, in carnefull<sup>1</sup> straysn, theyr tenes<sup>2</sup> theie  
dyd bewreene.<sup>3</sup>

Alfrede.

Ah! iff wee parte, ne moe to meete agayne,  
Wythyn thie wydow'dd herte wyll ever brenn  
The frostie vygyls of a cloysterr'd nun,  
Insteade of feerie<sup>4</sup> love's effulgent sonne!  
Ne moe with myne wyll carolyng<sup>5</sup> beatt hie,  
Gyve throb for throb, and sygh retorne forr  
sygh,

Butt bee bie nyghtt congeal'dd bie lethall  
feares,  
Bie daie consum'dd awaie inn unavaylyng  
teares!

Matylda.

Alas! howe soone is happesse love ondonne,  
Wytherr'd and deade almost before begunn:  
Lych Marchh's openyng flours thatt sygh'dd  
forr Maie,  
Which Apryll's teares inn angerr wash'dd  
awaie.

Our tenes alych, alych our domes shall bee,  
Where'err thou wander'st it I wyll followe thee;  
And wann our sprytes through feere are  
purg'dd fromn claie,  
Inn pees theie shall repose upponn the myliek  
waie.

Alfrede.

The raynbowe hewes that payntt the lauhying  
mees<sup>6</sup>

The gule-stayn'dd<sup>7</sup> folyage of the okenn trees,  
The starrie spangells of the mornynge dewe,  
The laverock's matyn songes and skies of blewie,  
Maie weel the shotes of gentill shepherddes  
joie,

Whose hertes ne hopelesse loves or cares alloie;  
Butt whatt cann seeme to tenefull loverrs  
fayre,

Whose hopes butt darkenns moe the mydnyght  
of despayre?

Matylda.

To thotelesse swayns itt male bee blyss in-  
deede,

To marke the years through alle hys ages  
speede,

Butt everie seaseone seemes alych to mee,  
Eternall wynterr wann awaie fromn thee!

Fromn howrr to howrr I oft beweepe ourr love,  
Wyth alle the happie sorowe of the dove,

And fancie, as itt sylent waterrs flowe,  
Mie hosome's sweetest joies must thos bee  
mient<sup>8</sup> wyth woe.

Palerr thann cloudes thatt stayne the azure  
nyghtt,

Or starrs thatt shoote beneath theyr feeble  
lyghtt,

And eke as crymson as the mornynge's rode,<sup>9</sup>  
The lornlie<sup>10</sup> payre inn dumbe dystacyon  
stoode;

Whann onn the banke Matylda sonke and  
dyed,

And Alfrede plong'dd hys daggerr inn hys  
syde:

Hys purpell soule came roshynge fromn the  
wounde,

And o'err the lyfeless claie deathe's ensyngn  
stream'dd arownde.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. IX.\*

Robby Bell and his Asses.

SOME years by-gone, the above singular character was wont to travel in several of the southern counties of Scotland, accompanied by an old and faithful long-eared friend, bearing two enormous panniers, containing Robby's merchandise. This consisted of wooden, pewter, and horn spoons, needles and thread, pins, twopenny penknives, superb glittering brass rings and brooches, old ballads,—in short, the most motley and miscellaneous collection of articles ever offered to the vulgar gaze. These, made up into bundles, Robby used to call his *pingles*. As he and his ass were doully joggling along, under the genial influence of a fine May morning, the drooping ears of the latter were suddenly and majestically erected at the sound of an astounding braying on the other side of the hedge. In proof that even asses are not devoid of companionable qualities, away brushed the mercantile one through a gap in the hedge, scattering panniers and pingles to the four winds of heaven. Robby, who with bonnet on head, and hands contemplatively screwed behind his back, had been trudging in the rear, witnessed the truculent behaviour of the brute, and its direful consequences, with feelings of mingled rage and dependency. But previous to trying to regather the unfortunate pingles, prudence suggested the propriety of catching the delinquent. So unwearied and agile was the plaguy animal in his gambols, that an hour elapsed, and an acre of young wheat was completely trodden under foot, before he was clutched in the grasp of his justly incensed master. Crying with vexation, Robby next proceeded to collect his pingles, lying in heart-breaking confusion over the waste barren surface; but he had scarcely commenced this agreeable task, when the lord of the manor appeared, and claimed the ass as a stray, or trespasser. Poor Robby, fairly at his wit's end, cries out in a fury, "It sets ye weel te speak that way o' my *cuddie*," when it was ye're ain devil o' a cuddie's menseless<sup>1</sup> thrapple<sup>2</sup> brocht him over. If your's had kept his damned cleck<sup>3</sup> to himself (Gude forgie me for swearing), naether me or mine wad see sen you or ye're wheat, but been five mile farrer on oor gate." "Weel, Robby," said the laird, "a' this passion o' yours will no pay me for my acre o' wheat; but as I believe ye are an honest man, I'll let you gang wi' your breadwinner; ("dell be in his feet!") muttered poor Robby,) but no before you gie me your word to meet me at the Jeddart Court, to answer this trespass, conform to law." There was no remedy, and the unfortunate vender of pingles was obliged to promise he would so do. When the trying hour arrived, he made his appearance before Lords G—lls and H—d, at that time on the Jedburgh circuit. Robby, it seems, had been in trouble before, and given more than one guinea to counsel without effect. He was now resolved to speak for himself. The prosecutor's charge for asinine delinquency was easily made, when Robby was called upon for his defence. He went on about the two asses in such an unintelligible rignarole way, that the sapient judges were completely at fault. "My good man," said Lord G—lls, "I am most willing to hear what you have to say, but really I do not understand you." "No understand me!" bellowed like a furnace the incensed Robby; "weel, mon, gin you will ha' it, sup-

\* No. VIII. of these Sketches, Macnab's opinion of the Russians; appeared in No. 574.

1 Ass. 2 Unmannerly. 3 Throat. 4 Noise.

1 Tender. 2 Woes. 3 Express.  
4 Feary. 5 Dancing. 6 Meadows.  
7 Blood-coloured. 8 Mingled. 9 Complexion.  
10 Forlorn.



pose ye were ae' ass, an' that mon (pointing to Lord H—d) another, an' ye were to braye, and he were to rin after ye, hoo the deil cou'd I help it?" Then writhing himself a little aside in his vexation, he muttered, "A pair o' hairy, lang-legged, land-louper too, by ma faith!" Robby came off victorious.

#### Musical Beans.

MR. NICHOLSON, of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, humorous, or eccentric reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by sundry wily applicants. Be it understood, that the aforesaid worthy piqued himself on being a capital player on that melodious instrument the bagpipe. One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Cuning Saunders knew well that his landlord was generally as hard as a millstone, yet he did not despair of coming round him. "At weal, ye're honour," says he, "I canna pay you just noo, for I hae na' the siller." "Why, Saunders," quo' the laird, "I must alloo that is in ordinar accounted a very sufficient reason for ane's no paying his just and lawful debts; but its weel kent through the hail countra-side, that you hae had a grand crap this year, and plenty o' siller you maun hae, that's past ae hair o' a doot." "The gude Lord forgie your honour," says Saunders, "what ca' ye a gran crap? I'm sure you heard tell of my field o' beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller fra, for nae ither purpose, Gude kens, but to put it into your honour's pouch, an' hoo did they turn out? Och! sir, sir, my heart's like to break when I think o't!" "Deil tak ye!" quo' the laird; "I wae thocht thae very beans were the best pairt o' your crap." "The best pairt," most dolefully ejaculated Saunders: "whae, sir, gif ilka bean-stalk had been a piper, he wadna hae heard his neist neighbour play!" It is almost needless to add, that Saunders got his own time to pay.

#### DRAMA.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

WE have reason to believe that the arrangements respecting this theatre, at least for the ensuing season, are completed. The negotiation with Mr. H. Harris has, it seems, gone off; and Mr. Willett, having purchased the shares of Mr. C. Kemble and Captain Forbes, stands in the situation of proprietor. Mr. Fawcett is to be sole manager.

##### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"Not for me," or the *Apple of Discord*, a ballad opera, in two acts, the music composed by Louis Maurer, was produced here last Monday evening. The first act of this piece is another version of *Twas I*, a musical farce, translated from the French by Mr. H. Payne, and played with some success at Covent Garden. What the second act is a version of, it would be difficult to say, as the conclusion is, to speak the truth, rather lame and impotent:—we therefore willingly turn to the more pleasing duty of bestowing our unqualified approbation on the music, and the way in which it was executed. Thanks to the judgment, taste, and exertion, of Messrs. Arnold and Hawes, we have at length an orchestra in an English theatre to which it is a gratification to listen. Nothing could be better than the style in which the

overture "Not for me," was played on Monday evening—a light, graceful composition, smacking more of the French than of the German school, as does, indeed, the whole of the music. Oh the relief of such a performance, after our ears have been tortured by the vile jangling of the unsociable fiddles at the Haymarket, two of which are never of the same mind! We really counsel Mr. Morris to discharge the whole of his "ghastly band," and substitute an unambitious barrel-organ, which might be ground by a little boy at a shilling per night, to the great saving of his pocket, and the inexpressible comfort of his audiences. —But to return to the Strand. The air, by Miss Kelly, "I'm sure my heart will ne'er forget," is an exceedingly pleasing melody; as is also that sung by Miss H. Cawse, "True it is that beauty goes." The trio which immediately follows the latter, "Ah, not for me, in pity!" is a delicious *morceau*; but the most extraordinary composition in the piece is an air, admirably sung by Miss Goward—"A Guardian ought to have an eye" (a point, by the way, upon which we entirely agree with the author)—the voice-part consisting of only one note, with a masterly accompaniment, played *con sordini*. This was the hit of the opera, and received a hearty *encore*. On the whole, we were much pleased with Louis Maurer, and shall be happy to improve our acquaintance with him. The actors did their utmost for the piece, particularly Miss Kelly and Miss Goward; the latter of whom, in the character of *Miss Winifred Virulent*, displayed fresh claims to the approbation of the public. We object, however, decidedly to her dress, which, though droll enough in itself, is terribly out of keeping. The same remark, of course, applies to the two old maids, her companions. Some dissent was expressed at the fall of the curtain, and on the announcement for repetition; but the applause, though not enthusiastic, predominated. We had nearly forgotten to mention a very pretty scene, the only one in the piece—a distant View of York, by Tomkins and Pitt. This is another point in which the English Opera House far surpasses its summer rival. Seriously, and in the most friendly spirit, we recommend to the manager of the latter to make some speedy improvement in his orchestra and painting-room. We grant that music and decoration are of secondary consequence at the Haymarket; but is it creditable to so respectable and flourishing an establishment to be behind the meanest of the minors in any particular? We are sure it will be felt that our notice of these matters is as kindly meant as it is imperatively called for. *Verbum sap.*

On Thursday another novelty, called *Miss Wright*, was produced, but too late for our criticism.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Teeth.**—A volume, by M. Maury, has recently been published in France, containing every thing hitherto known respecting the teeth, their extraction, and the diseases to which they are subject; and describing the best means of fabricating artificial teeth. It is accompanied by plates, and appears to be a very complete work.

**Printers' Pension Society.**—Instead of going a shooting on the 1st of September, to the imminent danger of all tame creatures, the city friends of the Printers' Pension Society are to have a steam-boat excursion to the Nore and Medway, Alderman Venables at the helm, and Alderman Crowder at the log-book. Messrs.

V. Figgins and J. Bleden also patronise this pleasant expedient for augmenting a charitable fund: we wish them a prosperous voyage, and hope they will raise the wind.

**Dr. Gall.**—This celebrated person, who may be called the founder of the phrenological sect, died at Paris, on Friday the 22d.

One of the Paris journals expresses regret that our admired tragedian, Mr. Young, should be on a visit to that city at a period when the English theatre is closed, thus precluding the Parisian public from witnessing any display of his high talent.

**Major Laing.**—At a sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris on the 4th of July, M. Jomard communicated a letter from M. Muller, dated from St. Louis, in Senegal, where he is the interpreter for the oriental languages, confirming the death of Major Laing.—*Le Globe*.

Dr. Gordon Smith has been elected Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of London.

**Paris.**—We are swarming here with English and Irish physicians, to the great displeasure of French doctors, who esteem it their peculiar right to diminish population in their own country, therefore look most grave and ill-humoured at others exercising that prerogative. There was an attempt to stop the invasion of foreign poisoners,—for many of those who style themselves doctors know nothing of their profession, nor would be allowed to practise it at home. A few lives have already been sacrificed to ignorance; but in these hard times, when all are crying out for bread, such misfortunes are regarded as general good: the more who die, the more is left for others: this is the charitable calculation of the day.—*Paris Letter*.

**Intellectual Organisation.**—M. Tinel, the author of a work on intellectual organization, in which he professes to shew the organic causes of all the instinctive, moral, and intellectual faculties, has written to the French Academy, to invite the members to a conference, in which, he says, he will explain to them the principles of his doctrine. The letter has been deposited with the secretary, in order that the members who may think proper to attend may give in their names!

**Human Life.**—A variety of curious calculations has lately been made in France, with respect to the average duration of human life, &c., in Paris, during the eighteenth century. It appears, that the average age of marriage was, for men, about twenty-nine years and three quarters—for women, about twenty-four years and three quarters; and that the average age of parents, at the birth of a son, was, for women, about twenty-eight years and a quarter—for men, about thirty-three years and a quarter. It follows, that there were nearly three generations in Paris during the last century. It is a remarkable fact, that this estimate coincides with that of the Greeks in their chronological tables.

**The Gambia.**—A map has lately been drawn, in which the course of the Gambia is traced to the westward of Coussaye, corrected by the last astronomical observations of Captain Owen to Pisanis, and by the travelling observations of Beaufort with respect to the eastern part. It appears that the map in Mungo Park's second voyage, and which has been adopted by all geographers, represents it too far north by thirty-three and even by fifty-five minutes.

**Africa.**—At the desire of the King of Benin, a school of mutual instruction is about to be established in the capital of that African king.

dom, by M. Epinat, a young Frenchman, who has lately devoted himself, with generous enthusiasm, to the abolition of the slave trade, and the civilisation of Africa.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Military Authors**—Lieutenant Colonel de Lacy Evans, whose work "On the Designs of Russia" has so great a sensation, and one so vastly beneficial for the newspapers at this dead season of the year (so called, because it murders are mostly committed, or at least attract most notice), served originally, we hear, in India, then through the Peninsular war, where he resided considerable distinction; and, lastly, in the North American campaign, on the staff. He is said to be still a very young man; so that we may expect further benefits from his powerful pen.

These men of sword and pen are all the rage at present. Of Captain Basil Hall's South American works 16,000 copies in all have already been sold; 8000 of these in the Constantine Miscellany cheap edition. Of the Rev. Lieut. Gleig, A.M.'s Subaltern, we hear Blackwood has sold upwards of 9000, besides their original appearance in his Magazine. Major-General David Stewart (of Garth), however, led the way; and surely his History of the Highland Regiments will keep its high and honourable place in the library. Two or three very large editions of that work have been already sold, and we fancy it is out of print. The excellent author is just appointed Governor of St. Lucia, where, if firmness and kindness, united with shrewdness, good experience, high character, and most engaging manners, are enough to make a government useful and successful, it is easy to predict the result of his experiment. The General has lately, by the death of a brother, succeeded to the family estate and fine old castle of Garth, in Perthshire; but it would be a pity to see such a man rusticated entirely, while all the vigour of head and hand remains within him.

Poor Colonel Denham's death has made a strong sensation in all classes of society where he was known. He was a most unaffected, plain, thoroughly honest, good man—modest in the highest degree, and amiable.

Among other military penmen, we have also recently had Colonel Napier, Captain Beauclerk, and Mr. Beaufoy. Who says, *Cæsar arma togæ?*

A poem, entitled *All for Love; or, the Sinner well Saved*, in three Cantos or Sections, by Mr. Southey, with engravings from the designs of Mr. Westall, is in the press, and will come out in October.

One of the four young gentlemen "of rank and station" who were lately puffed in the *Quarterly* for their American peregrinations, and the liberality of their accounts of brother Jonathan, concluded (we are told) one of his letters with this piece of experience, high character, and most engaging manners, are enough to make a government useful and successful, it is easy to predict the result of his experiment. The General has lately, by the death of a brother, succeeded to the family estate and fine old castle of Garth, in Perthshire; but it would be a pity to see such a man rusticated entirely, while all the vigour of head and hand remains within him.

Why does not this young gentleman publish? It might be a good preparation for the Washington Embassy.

Our readers will be much gratified with learning that Mr. Sotheby, the elegant and accomplished translator of the *Georgics* and of *Oberon*, is engaged in a new version of the *Iliad*, in heroic verse. He is said to have already completed the first six books in a masterly manner.

A Mr. Mangham announces a Treatise on a subject very interesting to all literary persons, viz.—the *Laws of Literary Property*; comprising their history and Present State, with Disquisitions on their Injustice and Impolicy.

The *Edinburgh*—It has been proposed to print the translation of the *Edinburgh* by M. Amélie Jaubert, and to let it constitute the fourth volume of the *Memoirs* of the French Geographical Society.

The *New Year's Gift* and *Juvenile Souvenir* (an Annual for Children, under the superintendence of Mrs. Alaric A. Watts), will, we are informed, contain, besides numerous wood-cuts, by George Cruikshank and others, a variety of line engravings on steel, by Messrs. Edwards, Engleheart, Greatbatch, Baker, &c., after Designs by Messrs. Northcote, F. Howard, Gill, Wood, Hamilton, Green, Good, &c.—The literary contents of the volume have been supplied by a great number of eminent authors, distinguished as writers for the juvenile classes.

A monthly periodical publication, to illustrate the Cities, Towns, Docks, and chief Public Buildings in Great Britain, is announced, with descriptions from the able pen of Mr. Moule.

In the *Press*—A Manual of the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Eye, &c. By S. J. Stratford, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of General Miller*, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates, 12. 11s. 6d.  
—*Marshall's Naval Biography*, Supplement, Part II. 8vo. 15s. 6d.  
—*Arminius's Works*, translated by Nichols, Vol. II. 8vo. 16s. 6d.  
—*Simons's Lexicon Heb. Chald.* et Lat. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. sewed.  
—*Supplement to Auber's Analysis*, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. sewed.  
—*Pinch's Self Knowledge*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
—*Williams's Abstracts*, 1826, 8vo. 9s. 6d.  
—*Vigers's Greek Idioms*, translated by Seager, 8vo. 9s. 6d.  
—*Practice of Tenancy of Land in Great Britain*, by Kennedy and Granger, 8vo. 15s. 6d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

87 We would be obliged to any one who can send the *Stamped Literary Gazette*, No. 600, July 19, to our Office.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

*School of Anatomy, Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery*, Little Dean Street, Dean Street, Soho Square, London, (within a short distance of St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, the Middlesex, and Westminster Hospitals.)

**THE WINTER COURSE OF LECTURES** will be commenced on the 2d of October.

**Anatomy and Physiology, with Demonstrations, Dissections, and Examinations.** By J. Smith, M.D. M.R.C.S.

**Principles and Practice of Medicine, with Practical Instructions and Examinations.** By Dr. Copland.

**Materia Medica, Pharmacy, and Medical Botany.** By Dr. Wilmot.

**Principles and Practice of Surgery, with Practical Instructions and Examinations.** By Mr. Alcock.

**Principles and Practice of Midwifery, with Cases and Clinical Instructions.** By Dr. Hopkins.

**Medical Jurisprudence, by Dr. Wilmot**, (during the Summer).

**Influence of Climate on Health and Disease**, embracing particularly the Disorders of Warm Countries, &c. (Intended more especially for Gentlemen who purpose to enter the Public Service, or to proceed to the East or West Indies, or our other Colonies.) By Dr. Copland, and Mr. Smith.

**The Dissecting Room**—very spacious, airy, and commodious; and the improved means of preventing Fætidation will be resorted to. Mr. Smith will personally superintend the Dissections.

In addition to the usual Instructions, Students will have the advantage of observing, without expense, the Practice of the Lectures at a Dispensary attached to the School, where Practical Instructions on the Cases of the Poor will be given. They will also have the benefit of attending the Medical Practice and Instructions of Dr. Copland, at the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of Children, and will have the use of a small but select Medical Library at the School.

Prizes will be given, at the end of the Season, for Professional Attainments, to the most industrious and meritorious Students.

For further Particulars apply at the School, or to Dr. Copland, 1, Balstrode Street, Welbeck Street; to Mr. Smith, 16, Leicester Place; to Dr. Wilmot, 8, Queen's Place, Kennington; to Mr. Alcock, 10, New Burlington Street; or to Dr. Hopkins, Queen Square, St. James's Park.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price Six Shillings, No. III. of

### THE FOREIGN REVIEW.

Contents: I. *History of Astronomy in the Eighteenth Century*—II. *Orion*—III. *Travelling Particulars; the Lydian Drama*—IV. *Warren Hastings*—V. *Study of the Civil Law*—VI. *Ingenium*—VII. *Danish Poetry*—VIII. *Goethe's Character and Writings*—IX. *Montell*—X. *Early Manners and Customs of France*—XI. *Moralism*—XII. *Modern Spanish Comedy*—XIII. *Cromwell*—XIV. *Impertinence*—XV. *the Netherlands to Great Britain*—XVI. *Goethe's Character and Writings*—XVII. *Modern French Novels*—XVIII. *Swedish Drama*—XIX. *Turkey*—XX. *Clergy and Military Resources*—XXI. *Short Review of New Publications*—XXII. *The Carthage*—XXIII. *Political Memoirs of Count von Görtz*—XXIV. *Political Memoirs of Count von Görtz*—XXV. *The Literary Works of Martin de la Rosa*—XXVI. *The Letters of E. V. Thiers*—XXVII. *German Literature*—XXVIII. *German Literature*—XXIX. *Letter by Rask*—XXX. *Two New Inscriptions*—XXXI. *Neoclassical Chorus*—XXXII. *Marion*—XXXIII. *Nemperor*—XXXIV. *the Duke of Saxe-Weimar*—XXXV. *Continental Literary Intelligence*—XXXVI. *The most important Foreign Publications of the last Three Months*.

No. IV. will be published in October.

London: Black, Young, and Young, 5, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Bohn, Oakes, and Howell, Great Marlborough Street; T. Clark, Edinburgh; Hodges and Smith, Dublin; and by all other Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

### THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Sept.

Price Half-a-Crown, contains—I. *Metropolitan Improvements*—II. *Miscellany*—III. *Travelling Particulars*—IV. *Chaplaincy*—V. *Durand*—VI. *The Court of Chancery*—VII. *The Forsaken Heart*—VIII. *Notes for the Month*—IX. *The East—Relations with Portugal—Home Politics*—X. *The Catholic Association*—XI. *Coincidence of Taste*—XII. *Convict Labour at Botany Bay—Windsor Castle*—XIII. *Wyattville's Intersections*—XIV. *The Claims of the Hackney Coachmen*—XV. *Executions in France—More "Memoirs" of Dr. Parr*—XVI. *Dismissing the Morning Post Newspaper—Chit-Chat in Prison*—XVII. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XVIII. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XIX. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XX. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XXI. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XXII. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XXIII. *Conversion of Mr. Dawson, of Derby—Sympathetic Ink*—XXIV. 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